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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1912.

The Week

There can be but one feeling in regard to the attempt to assassinate Mr. Roosevelt—a feeling of deep joy that he escaped with apparently slight injury. Americans have reason to congratulate each other that their country has been spared another causeless murder of a public man. The act of an irresponsible creature, afflicted with homicidal mania, cannot fairly, of course, be made to reflect on the general moral standing of a nation; yet we all felt a sort of patriotic humiliation when Garfield and McKinley were shot, and it is a profound satisfaction not to have to go through that again. And in the circumstances of this crazy attempt upon Mr. Roosevelt's life there are many things to dwell upon with gratitude. His characteristic coolness and pluck in danger stood out admirably; and the affection which great numbers of his fellow-countrymen have for him was expressed in a way which must be a solid comfort to him and his family and his personal friends.

There are those who argue now, as they did after McKinley's assassination, that the way to prevent such shocking and lamentable crimes is to forbid severe criticism of public men. But this will not bear examination. Free discussion is the very breath of our political life. Mr. Roosevelt himself would be the first to assert this. And in this case the effort which some are making to explain the crime as a result of the active opposition which Mr. Roosevelt has stirred up, is particularly foolish in view of the incoherent writings found on the person of the would-be assassin. These were made up of fantastic messages from the spirit world and reference to the example of Gen. Nogi, and the only allusion to anything connected with Mr. Roosevelt is to the third term—something which since the Chicago Convention has been very little talked about. We must keep our heads in all this business. Even under the pressure of the strong feeling caused by the threatened calamity, happily averted, we must calmly admit that it is only what might have happened to President Taft or Gov.

Wilson. The latter has been accused of seeking to cripple American industry and to throw thousands of men out of work. But if some crazy workingman out of a job had let that prey upon his mind until he was seized with a mad impulse to shoot Gov. Wilson, would there have been any justice in charging protectionists with responsibility for the crime? It is obvious that we cannot order or alter our whole plan of government by public discussion, merely because cranks and lunatics can get hold of deadly weapons and commit crimes that startle the world.

A very early phase of Gov. Wilson's candidacy for the Democratic nomination is recalled by the information laid before the Senate investigating committee on Monday concerning contributions to the funds of two of his rivals. It was apparently the question of getting pecuniary aid from Thomas F. Ryan that gave rise to the famous Watterson-Harvey episode in Gov. Wilson's pre-Convention story; and it is now brought out that Ryan contributed handsome amounts to the funds of both Gov. Harmon and Representative Underwood. Presumably, there would have been no difficulty, at the time the Watterson-Harvey affair occurred, in obtaining from the same source a liberal endowment for Gov. Wilson's campaign, but he would have none of it. That this circumstance stood him in good stead was made evident long ago; and the demonstration now given, in the Senate committee hearings, of the total absence of help to his cause from any source of this kind, will be sure further to swell his vote at the election. And the sharpness of his decision on the subject, at a critical moment, will be recalled as one of the evidences of Gov. Wilson's possession of qualities belonging specifically to the man of action, and not to the academician or the doctrinaire.

The country may well take pride in the naval service. It is one branch of the Government which has developed amazingly in the last ten years along the line of efficiency, as well as in numbers. There can be no question that in drill, smartness, and general all-round professional ability the navy

ranks with the best abroad. The service may still be lacking on the construction side and lag behind European navies, particularly because of the absence of any originality among our designers. But we believe that if Mr. Reuter Dahl were to bring up to date his criticisms of the service which made such a stir at the time of the world cruise, he would have to admit that there has been great improvement since that day. Efficiency experts are quoted as saying that they have few recommendations to make as to the ships afloat, although they still have some as to the navy yards. Under Rear-Admiral Osterhaus the fleet has had much practical sea drill. It may be that there is still a good deal left to future commanders, but in one respect, at least—the matter of target practice and gunnery—it is hard to see how the present efficiency could be much improved upon. For the progress made, therefore, the navy is entitled to high praise.

Among the papers which constitute the large volume on "Industrial Competition and Combination" recently issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the one by Mr. Miles M. Dawson, entitled "Publicity of Accounts of Industrial Corporations," has a peculiar interest, being written from the point of view of a life-insurance expert. Mr. Dawson argues, from the comparative experience of this country and Great Britain in relation to life insurance, that thoroughgoing publicity without supervision is practically more effective than supervision even though accompanied by publicity. We have had in life insurance about fifty years of State supervision, while in Great Britain there have been about forty years of publicity unaccompanied by supervision; and he points out in detail important features of insurance malpractice which have flourished in this country in spite of—indeed, in some respects, because of—supervision, while a strictly enforced publicity has been sufficient to prevent their occurrence in England.

Mr. Dawson also points out that the effect of supervision on life-insurance companies here "has been to make con-

ditions hard or even impossible for the new and small companies, and, by applying an unyielding and often wholly unsuitable reserve standard to them, drive them out of existence; while publicity [in England] has nursed them when weak, and, by affording means for suitable and significant comparisons, has encouraged them to strengthen themselves." Mr. Dawson is of opinion that similar results may be expected to follow from an attempt to apply Government supervision—as distinguished from thoroughgoing publicity, which he urges—to industrial corporations; and the point is certainly one that has a most important bearing on the merits of the Roosevelt-Perkins industrial-control programme.

The Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation of the Westport disaster appears to be directed in the main towards the vital question involved. It is, of course, necessary to determine the specific cause of this particular wreck; but the question of the culpability of the individual engineer who was immediately responsible for the safety of the train is of minor importance in comparison with an inquiry into the methods of the railway management. If the practice of the management is such as to put strong pressure upon the engineer to make up lost time, without also holding before him the prospect of severe punishment in case he accomplishes this at the cost of a violation of safety rules at cross-overs and the like, accidents like that at Westport, and the similar one of last year on the same road, are bound to occur. "Only a profounder respect for orders," said Vice-President Horn of the New Haven road last week, "will prevent accidents"; but it is idle to expect a profounder respect for safety orders unless the management shows by its acts that it is in earnest in giving those orders. Failure to make the prescribed time is brought home to the engineer promptly, and this is an unpleasantness which it is human nature for a man to avoid if he can; and if he can avoid it by a violation of a safety rule which he knows will not be reckoned against him unless it results in disaster, he will be sure, in a very large number of cases, to take chances.

It is quite true that a heavy break on the European stock markets, at a time when war and rumors of war are sud-

denly thrust upon the scene, reflects the apprehensions of the financial community. It is also true that what is known as "European high finance" is likely to be especially well informed of the real diplomatic situation at the opening of any war—the reason for that intimate knowledge being that belligerent Governments, even before they actually go to war, must sound the great banking houses on the question of raising money. It is, therefore, perfectly reasonable to infer from the demoralization on Europe's stock exchanges, during the past few days particularly, that the Balkan situation is regarded as containing the possibility of grave international peril. But it is not always reasonable to assume that the extent of the threatened peril is indicated by the extent of the decline in prices. This statement may seem paradoxical; but its correctness will be readily understood when one considers what must be the effect of any sudden bad news on a stock market whose prices have been jacked up to abnormal heights by excited speculation, as compared with its effect on a market where speculation and values are entirely normal.

The lack of an Academy in this country to pronounce finally upon questions of art has long been felt and lamented. The heads of the judicious have often been bowed in humiliation at the spectacle of some millionaire vaunting the artistic claims of his new residence or of some *chef d'œuvre* within it. But there has been no help. We have had to endure the scoffs of Europe in silence. Hence the discovery that, after all, we have a Court of Last Resort in such matters is cause for gratification. Fortunately, too, this Court is no self-constituted tribunal, but a body of men chosen by due process of law, and amenable to the Constitution and the statutes. The revelation of its existence is due indirectly to Mr. Samuel Untermyer, whose fancy was captured at Brussels by a fountain with three dancing girls, modelled in bronze.

Mr. Untermyer classified his purchase, for the benefit of the customs officials, as "sculpture." The guardians of the port, however, had their own ideas about bronze fountains and dancing girls, and re-classified the importation as "manufactured metal." This opinion made the question one of international

importance. Nothing less than the American standard of art was at stake. But where was the supreme bench empowered to pass upon the dispute? At this point, as calmly as if it were a matter of determining whether a sword-cane is a cane or a sword, the Board of General Appraisers intervened. They decided that the fountain, with its dancing girls, was indeed sculpture, dutiable at 15 per cent., and not manufactured metal, dutiable at 45 per cent. Hereafter let the foreign visitor be careful how he sneers at our confusion of standards in art. So long as our tariff laws endure, we can boast standards as rigid as the Board of General Appraisers can make them.

Recall of college presidents by a two-thirds vote of the alumni is the latest suggestion. President Taylor of Vassar refers to it in his annual report, though it is plain that he does not take it over-seriously. But he makes it the occasion for some just remarks on the impetuous meddling with college problems that they do not understand, of which some alumni associations have been guilty. The strength and hope of any college lie largely among its graduates, and a president or faculty or board of trustees that should unnecessarily antagonize the alumni, or not seek to be on the best terms with them, would stand self-condemned. But President Taylor utters a needed warning against "precipitate action" and "too rapidly formed conclusions," on the part of alumni associations. They should recognize their own limitations, and act in accordance with them. It can never be true, Dr. Taylor affirms, that the body of graduates, as such, can "give a proportional, constructive, and continuous administration to a college."

This year's revision of the football playing rules was at least the tenth annual overhauling, and yet the game is not reformed, to judge by the prophecies of the experts. Thus, there is a general fear that the 1912 revision will bring back the line-plunging game. It is already observable that the line men are heavier, and the play as developed resembles too closely the old line-bucking variety which was so dangerous, and also so inimical to the interest of the game. The scoring has been changed, the value of the touchdown being again altered

so as to make the goal from the field less important. The intermissions between periods have been cut from two minutes to one, and the playing field has been decreased by ten yards. The most promising changes are one which admits scoring through a forward pass and another which permits of five downs to advance the ball instead of four. What other game was ever so frequently altered?

A Nobel Prize is to come to America for the third time—for the second time in the domain of scientific research—through the award of the prize for medicine to Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute. Dr. Carrel cannot be claimed as an American, either by birth or by training, having come to America in 1905; but he wins this great distinction at the unusually early age of thirty-nine, and of the twelve years that have passed since he attained the degree of M.D. in France—which, to be sure, implies a very advanced stage of scientific attainment—seven have been spent in medical work in this country. The recognition that now comes to him is of interest not only as a personal triumph, but as renewed and most authoritative evidence of the high value of the investigations which are carried on at the Rockefeller Institute.

Mr. Borden's Ministry in Canada does not find its path one of roses. Difficulties, some of which are inherited, while others are of its own creating, confront it on two great questions of public policy. One of them is the matter of a Canadian navy, and its subordination to Imperial ends. On this issue there is a sharp division even within the Conservative party. Several Canadian newspapers have reported that, so acute is the dissension, Mr. Monk will retire from the Cabinet before Parliament assemblies. And Bourassa, in the *Devoir*, is hanging on Mr. Borden's flanks. He declares that Mr. Monk was so absolutely committed against Laurier's Naval act and the no less unhappy naval policy of Mr. Borden, that his resignation cannot fail to be offered. There is even talk that Mr. Borden will soon be forced to go to the country on the policy of giving Canadian Dreadnoughts to the British navy.

The other serious embarrassment of the Canadian Prime Minister grows out

of the demand of the big steel companies of Nova Scotia and Ontario that the system of bounties, which they enjoyed until two years ago, be reenacted. With the usual logic of tariff beneficiaries, these iron and steel manufacturers assert that they cannot "go ahead" until they get help from the Government. It is said that Mr. Borden has personally no objection to reviving the bounty system. But it is significantly added by the writer of a special article on the subject in the *London Times*:

An obstacle exists in the almost universal opposition of the farmers of Eastern Canada and of the grain-growers in the provinces west of the Great Lakes to the system of bounties. It was this opposition—long continued and openly manifest—that made it impolitic for the Laurier Government to renew the bounties when the bounty laws expired in 1910 and 1911.

Silly Canadian farmers! Yet even their American brother-agriculturists are waking up to the fact that bounties and tariffs are mainly devices for fleecing them.

A preliminary skirmish over the Home Rule bill has been fought in the House of Commons. The spirit displayed on the Liberal benches was hopeful and aggressive, if one considers that the tide of public feeling has been described as running strongly against the Government. The same buoyant note is struck in the Liberal press, which has refused to be frightened by the fervent anti-Home Rule demonstrations in Ulster. For the most part, the Government organs even refuse to take the Ulster uprising seriously. They have been having a great deal of fun with "General" Carson and "King" Carson, and the wooden guns that have been paraded to show Ulster's resolution to do and die. The peril in the Liberal situation is an internal one. Will the Labor party remain faithful to the alliance, or is it prepared to go to the extreme of joining with the Unionists in turning the Government out? On the whole, there is no reason to doubt that the working arrangement between Liberals and Laborites can be continued, though the latter will undoubtedly insist upon their pound of flesh. Their demands will be backed up by the result of recent bye-elections. If the Labor members remain faithful to the coalition, the Home Rule bill is in no danger in the Commons.

A recent German book of a decidedly

imperialistic spirit, Paul Rohrbach's "The German Idea in the World," expresses an opinion long held by German naval and military officers. This we would respectfully commend to those of our own jingoes who, in the intervals of fearing Japan, tremble at the mention of Germany. Summarizing the forces of the great nations, the author turns to the United States with the remark that it is not in the same class with the other Powers, in the matter of necessary self-defence, "since it is, because of its geographical situation, as good as unassailable." This we know has long been the prevailing German military opinion, but we shall, we suppose, continue to read in our sensational Sunday supplements that the Kaiser has no other dream in life than to take a big slice of South America. Only those totally ignorant of European affairs can conceive of Germany's seeking trouble on this side of the Atlantic. What an opportunity that would be for her enemies on the Continent and in England! No German can be found who does not rate higher than anything else his country's commanding position in Europe, and none is so foolish as to desire to jeopardize it.

Herr Rohrbach's book gives concisely recent figures of expenditures for military purposes. Thus, in England ten years ago each individual citizen paid \$7.25 for army and navy expenses. This has now risen to \$8.00 a head. In France, during the same period, there has been a rise from \$5.25 per head to \$6.32. In Italy, prior to the war, each citizen was paying a war-tax of \$3.37, and Russia \$2.12, while we in the United States are paying \$3.00 per capita for army and navy expenditures. In ten years Germany's per capita expense for military purposes increased from \$3.75 to nearly \$5.00. These figures are in a sense misleading, because so much depends upon the financial condition of the country. Thus, a burden of \$3.00 in Italy is far heavier and far more exhausting to the nation than the same amount in the United States, with its higher scale of prosperity. But these facts serve a particularly useful purpose in showing how great and how universal the growth in war expense has been in the last ten years. Nowhere is there a diminution of these frightful burdens; everywhere a steady increase.

THE "TARIFF ISSUE."

It must have been apparent to every experienced political observer that a distinct change in the campaigning of the Republican and Progressive parties has occurred in the past two or three weeks. During the two months or so which followed the nominations, the attitude of the parties was peculiar but unmistakable. The Democrats were carrying on a vigorous and effective campaign against the field. The Third Party was devoting itself to attacking the Republicans in general and President Taft in particular. The Republican leaders, meantime, were simply standing still. They were like men stunned, and it could hardly be said that they conducted any campaign whatever until well into September.

What has happened these last few weeks—the period when actual canvass always dispels illusions and discloses the real nature of a political situation—is that the Democratic party has moved forward on precisely the lines laid down at the campaign's beginning, that the Republican party has waked up and begun to do what, in the light of political strategy, it should have been doing many weeks before, and that the Third Party has almost completely abandoned its original tactical position, and is concentrating its attention now on issues which had little or no part in its original programme. A military critic would say that the Republicans had taken the field only after their opponents had been long left undisturbed in their advance on the important positions, and that the Progressive Party had executed that highly dangerous and usually disastrous manœuvre, the changing of front in the face of the enemy.

We are impelled to these remarks by the striking unanimity with which the Republican and Third Party campaigning has, in the last week or so, been converged on the issue of the protective tariff. In both parties, orators and organs are now openly and excitedly taking the old-fashioned Bourbon attitude that the country's prosperity is menaced by the Democratic programme on the tariff. Both are talking—precisely as if this were the Presidential campaign of 1892—about "European pauper labor," and the prospect of "bread-lines" of laborers in the United States if the Democratic party wins. Both are beginning to hint again at the tariff of 1894

as the cause of the panic of 1893. The *Tribune* of last week, speaking in Mr. Taft's behalf, explained how, after the American workingman shall have been confronted with Gov. Wilson's tariff policy on the statute books, "he can fall back on the charity of the soup house." The *Press*, Mr. Roosevelt's New York organ, denounces the Democrats for opposing the protective tariff, "though without it American business should perish and American wage-earners starve."

Now, we shall not dwell on the rather amusing inconsistency of this suddenly adopted attitude of the two wings of the disrupted Republican party. We might point out that the Republican party's Chicago platform declared that "some of the existing duties are too high and should be reduced," and that the Third Party's tariff plank contained the information that "we demand tariff revision because the present tariff is unjust to the people of the United States." We might even remind the excited philanthropists of the press that the Democratic platform, after denouncing, like the two other platforms, the present protective tariff, added that "we recognize that our system of tariff taxation is intimately connected with the business of the country," and that the legislation enacted to correct existing injustices should be "legislation that will not injure or destroy legitimate industry"—a declaration supplemented by Gov. Wilson's remark, in his speech of acceptance, that in tariff revision "we should act with caution and prudence, like men who know what they are about and not like men in love with a theory."

All this throws a light that is odd enough on the present turn in the Republican and Third Party campaigns. But we are most impressed by the fact that those two parties are now, in the last weeks of the campaign, harking back to the days when high protection was a fetish and when the public man who touched the tariff duties, except to raise them higher, was laying a sacrilegious hand upon the ark. The Republican party is reverting to this attitude, in the face of its knowledge that it was the Taft Administration's hostility to tariff reduction which split the party in two. The Progressive Party is adopting the same position, in the face of the well-known fact that the Progressive faction, which was formed in the Repub-

lican party in 1910, and out of which the present Third Party directly grew, was at that time founded almost wholly on the issue of tariff reduction.

If any one is puzzled to account for these extraordinary inconsistencies, he will find the explanation in political history. The campaign of those two parties, as originally planned—especially that of the Third Party—has broken down. Mr. Taft still may argue forcibly for preserving the Constitution and safeguarding freedom from industrial monopoly; but both those issues had been championed in the thick of the fighting by the Democratic candidate, while the Republican campaign was at a standstill. To-day both issues belong to Gov. Wilson. As for the Progressives they have apparently discovered, late in the day, just what the American people think of ripping up the Constitution, handing the private citizen over to the tyranny of majorities, and licensing monopolies in the necessities of life. When such discoveries are made, there is nothing for it but recourse to other and all but forgotten campaign slogans. In former political campaigns it was the Bloody Shirt, the Confederate Debt, the repudiation of United States bonds; to-day it is soup-kitchens and bread-lines. The desperate eleventh-hour manœuvre bids fair to be exactly as successful now as then, and it reflects an equally remarkable conception of the American voter's common sense.

CAMPAIGNS AND VOTES.

Mr. Edward Stanwood, author of the standard "History of the Presidency," contributes to the current *Atlantic* an interesting article on "Election Superstitions and Fallacies." These range all the way from the queer belief that "no man possessed of a middle name could be elected to the Presidency a second time"—which, as Mr. Stanwood reminds us, had considerable currency prior to Gen. Grant's reëlection—to the comparatively respectable, though still quite fallacious, notion that no Senator can be elected President. The tap-root of all these superstitions and fallacies is in one and the same tendency. "There are men," as Mr. Stanwood says, "who discern an occult and invariable law in the sequence on three successive occasions of a certain event after another event which has no relation to the first, and which could not have caused it."

That Mr. Stanwood himself should fall a victim to this weakness, is of course out of the question; but there are fallacious ways of thinking far less crude but not altogether without kinship to these that he laughs at, into which even so careful a student may be trapped; and in his earnest argument upon a thesis of his own, Mr. Stanwood has committed such an error. He says:

The most successful stumping tours in our political history, so far as the number addressed was concerned, and the most spectacular, were those of Mr. Blaine, in 1884, and those of Mr. Bryan in his three campaigns. But the election returns at the close of the canvasses cannot be tortured, with the utmost mathematical ingenuity, into proving that by their eloquence an appreciable inroad was made in the ranks of their opponents.

"Mathematical ingenuity" cannot, indeed, avail either to prove or to disprove that Bryan's speeches helped him; but this is primarily because no amount of mathematical ingenuity suffices to fix the solution of a single equation with two unknown quantities. We know the final result; but we have no means of knowing what the result would have been if Bryan had made no speeches, or had bored his Western audiences instead of pleasing them and arousing their enthusiasm. And inasmuch as, after all, Bryan's amazing personal ascendancy over millions of American voters, an ascendancy which was proof against repeated defeats, was built up solely by his public utterances, there is good reason—of a non-mathematical kind, to be sure—for supposing that his campaign speeches were not wholly without effect in attracting votes to his cause.

The thesis that Mr. Stanwood is here engaged in supporting is, in a word, that campaigning does not change votes. He makes an admission, indeed, which would deprive that thesis of most of its practical significance, even if its abstract truth were admitted; for he says that "the manufactured enthusiasm of those who attend the meetings probably has an influence in dissuading doubting and hesitating voters from deserting their party," and that it "certainly has the effect of bringing indifferent citizens to the polls on election day." The numbers that come under these designations would alone be sufficient to determine the issue in most campaigns; but Mr. Stanwood seems to regard as non-existent another class which plays an important part in our electoral con-

tests. There are hundreds of thousands of "doubting and hesitating voters" with whom the question of their choice in a given election does not present itself in the light of "deserting" or not deserting their party; men who, though they have been in the habit of voting with a given party, do not regard themselves as bound to it by anything like an obligation. In the present campaign, of course—which Mr. Stanwood expressly sets aside as exceptional—the number of such men is enormous; but they have been very numerous at any time these thirty years, and for much of this period have probably held the balance of power. "Did you ever meet or know of a voter," asks Mr. Stanwood, "who was converted from one party to another by a stump speech?" Well, we may never have known of a change of heart so sudden and so radical; but we have been familiar with great numbers of cases in which judgment was held in suspense until the last weeks of the contest, and then was determined by the aggregate of the impressions derived from all sides during the campaign. Accordingly, the idea that, as the campaign progresses, there may be "a perceptible drift towards this candidate or that," which Mr. Stanwood regards as an illusion, we believe to have a most substantial foundation.

The argument that campaigning effects little or nothing in the way of changing votes is similar to the notion that newspapers have no influence, which crops up whenever the weightiest journals of a community are on one side in an election and the other side is overwhelmingly victorious. Such a result proves nothing of the kind; it may even be that the overwhelmingness of the victory is the very thing that deprives the event of value as a test. The most that sober journals can hope to do is to influence a comparatively thoughtful class of men—men to be found in every walk of life, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, but still small in numbers as compared with the whole voting population. They cannot hope to make any impression on a tidal wave. If a million votes are cast against their side and only half a million for it, this does not show either that they were wrong or that they were unsuccessful; it only shows that they are unable to turn the tide when it is running against them in that tremendous way. Fortunately,

the odds against which they have to contend are not usually so heavy; and accordingly the influence that they do exercise is quite sufficient to justify that interest in their attitude which continues to be felt by the community at large, and to be reflected in the solicitude of politicians.

THE MURDERER'S TRADE.

The story told in court by the principal witness for the State of New York in the trial of Police Lieut. Becker has a significance that quite transcends its direct bearing upon the case at issue. It opens up an extraordinary perspective of human character and motive. It brings forward an entire group of fundamental problems, problems of psychology, sociology, and politics. It would be quite improper to assume in this place the correctness of "Jack" Rose's testimony. But whether "Jack" Rose told the whole truth, or only part of the truth, or nothing at all of the truth, it does not affect the essential value of his revelations regarding the attitude of the criminal mind towards the individual and society. What this witness has done is to furnish information from the "inside," confirmatory of the general public impressions regarding the spirit of the underworld. The public by this time is pretty generally convinced that there are men in this city with whom murder is a trade; and though the professional thug has always been found at work in all countries, the public is also convinced that, so far as this city is concerned, the class of professional assassins is on the increase, and the profession itself is being systematized to an unprecedented degree. People will tell you as a matter of course that in New York to-day any one can be put out of the way by hired thugs at so many hundred dollars for the job. But even the man who is convinced that the hired bravo is busy at work among us, must find it difficult to picture to himself the matter-of-fact spirit in which the practitioners of this horrible trade go about their work.

Thus it is in this sense immaterial whether Lieut. Becker instigated the murder of Herman Rosenthal, or whether "Jack" Rose himself was the prime mover in the affair, or whether the story told by Rose upon the witness stand was made out of the whole cloth. Assuming that "Jack" Rose's story was

pure romance, we still face the fact that conditions must exist to furnish a basis for the man's imaginings. No matter upon whose initiative the gunmen who shot down Herman Rosenthal were hired, no reasonable man to-day will doubt that the hiring was done. It was done in a matter-of-fact way, and the bargain was carried out on both sides in a matter-of-fact way. "Jack" Rose, according to his story, met no rebuff, no hesitation, when he first approached the gangsters with the "Herman Rosenthal proposition." They merely said, "All right; we are ready when you are ready." It was quite as if they had said, "At what time in the morning do you want the piano moved?" Delay ensues, and the thugs are reproached with the fact. "All right; let's go up and do the job now." Another witness testifies to the words of the man whose pistol had done the work. "I got cha," this efficient agent remarked with something of the craftsman's pride in a task well performed. Where was the sacred horror which, according to tradition, besets the most perverted soul at the thought of taking human life? Where were the preliminary hesitations and shrinkings, where was the aftermath of remorse? The fact seems to be that the people of this city and State must deal with a class in whom the intuitive horror of shedding blood does not function and whom society must consequently treat as out of the social pale.

It does not follow that we are driven by the circumstances of the present case into assuming the truth of Lombroso's criminal type. It is still possible to maintain that the gangster and the gunman are the product of a vicious environment, and not of a vicious heredity. But that only intensifies the social responsibility. Environment has played its part in the development of the ruffian type with which we are now concerned. To this point goes the fact that three of the men accused of having actually taken part in the murder of Rosenthal are of Jewish birth. The majority of the men who are charged with having instigated the murder are of the same race, a race which hitherto has been traditionally averse to crimes of violence. It is possible to bring up this point without fear of giving offence, because the evil has been frankly recognized by leaders of the Jewish community in New York. These hideous re-

lations have been made the occasion for a day of solemn mourning in the synagogues. Ministers of the Jewish faith have publicly deplored the conditions of life among the immigrant population in this city which have tended to destroy the ancient parental authority and to set up vicious standards and a vicious environment for the young generation. Undoubtedly there is work here for the social diagnostician and reformer.

But while encouraging such efforts as are being made for the fundamental cure of the conditions that foster crime, society must also act for its own protection through the more direct agency of the law. The severe administration of justice and the swift administration of justice are demanded by the situation. If anything has been made plain in this sordid Rosenthal affair, it is that the delays and uncertainties of justice from which we suffer more than any other nation, are a direct encouragement to crime. It has been made plain that the gangster fears punishment; he shrinks not only from the extreme penalty for murder, but from the possibility of a long term in prison. But our cluttered system of judicial procedure has given the criminal aid and comfort. Neither the certainty nor the swiftness of punishment is made vivid to him. If such extraordinary performances as the Thaw trial succeed in dulling the conscience of the ordinary decent citizen to the demands of justice, how can the effect upon the mind of the criminally inclined be anything but deplorable? A succession of criminal trials swiftly carried out, a succession of severe penalties justly inflicted, would act as an effective check to criminal violence. Precisely because so many murders in this city are not crimes of passion at all, but part of a business carried on for profit, the hand of the law can deal adequately with them. When the certainty of punishment is balanced against the profits from murder, the assassin's trade will be sharply checked.

THE ALIENIST AND LITERATURE.

The critics will eat humble pie if it shall turn out that the only true means of interpreting literature is afforded by science. The time is one to sound the alarm, now that psychopathic studies have collected a body of facts sufficiently large and complex, it is said, to serve

as a touchstone of human motive. It is in Germany that the alienist has pushed these literary applications of science to the most overweening extreme. Just at present the impulse comes from Professor Freud of Vienna, whose disciples are engaged upon a scrutiny of great personages of history and fiction, in its broad sense. Briefly, Professor Freud's theory is that action may be prompted by states of mind and body of which the agent is perfectly unconscious, the element of sex playing a large part. As one writer puts it, "We are all the victims of our complexes," the complex being "a system of ideas possessing a certain emotional tone or value." It is usually determined by experiences had early in life. The result is that a person may read into his conduct a religious, a moral, or other motive, whereas such considerations merely furnish the occasion of outbursts which were long ago predetermined on entirely different grounds.

The writer from whom we have just quoted, Dr. Isador H. Coriat, has written a book, "The Hysteria of Lady Macbeth," in which, in a language worthy of his theme, he undertakes to interpret literature by modern psychopathology. Lady Macbeth is the victim, he says, of "a pathological mental dissociation, arising upon an unstable, day-dreaming basis, and due to the emotional shocks of her past experiences. She is a typical case of hysteria; her ambition is merely a sublimation of a repressed sexual impulse, the desire for a child based upon the memory of a child long dead." In the light of modern science, the sleep-walking scene proves to be the result neither of "genuine sleep nor the prickings of a guilty conscience"; it is a "pure case of pathological somnambulism, a genuine disintegration of the personality." The passage beginning:

I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks
me,

is cited as an example of "a substitution, or what is termed in modern psychopathology as a sublimation or transformation of a sexual complex into ambition, a mechanism which is frequently found in hysteria." Lady Macbeth, we are told, is, naturally, neither ambitious nor brave, but acquires the appearance of such qualities by a process of "repression" which is a forerunner of "hysterical dissociation." "She thinks she chooses her actions, whereas in

reality, they are chosen for her by the unconscious complexes."

This is, of course, not the first time that "science" (so-called) has laid violent hands on Shakespeare. Lovers of verisimilitude were cheered by one physician's statement that Juliet's death-like sleep of forty-two hours was perfectly possible, and some of us have had the sneaking hope that a geologist might some day tell us how Bohemia once had a seacoast. But the new scientific critics have not stayed their hands from the very heart of the plays. Their attitude appears to be this: if the characters are really true to life, "science" is now in a position to explain them in more accurate terms than the ordinary critic possibly can. We are not here concerned with the question whether the new science is entitled to speak with any assurance even in regard to persons who have actually lived. But it makes itself ridiculous in setting up as the mouthpiece of Shakespeare. His plays are not mere transcripts of life. That they are far from that is proved by the modern realist who turns from them with the crushing judgment that no one ever talked like Hamlet. Hamlet can be called human only in the peculiar sense that, though his counterpart is not to be found on earth, human beings can at least conceive of a person in his circumstances behaving and talking like him; and the conception is instructive. But to resolve him into an ordinary neurotic, the victim of "repressed" love for his mother, as one physician has done, is as absurd as it is disgusting.

And even if Shakespearean plays were near to literal truth, psychopathic interpretation would need to hesitate. The problem is made difficult by the present lack of critical standards. Until there can be some substantial agreement on the purposes of artistic creation, authors will suffer from the fads of the moment. We all know to what wrenchings Shakespeare has been subjected. There have been the moralists who had their reason for the rise or downfall of every character. Desdemona suffered death because she lied about the lost handkerchief, and Cassio likewise because he had a mistress. The symbolists have come and gone, with their tenuous centrifugal meanings, while many of the most accurate scholars to-day affect to believe that the great master had enough to do telling a good story with-

out bothering about anything so silly as a moral. Little wonder that the alienist has thought his services to be very much needed. In Germany, he is said already to have converted some of the most dignified personages of Greek drama into a great mass of nerves. Whereupon musical composers, like Strauss, have rejoiced, believing that by music alone can these be most truly expressed. It is to be hoped that such a pass may rouse literary scholars out of their present indifference to the deeper aspects of artistic purpose. For it can never be that creators of great characters intended them to be set forth in terms from which the human will is conspicuously absent. Even Ibsen, with his great dependence upon the laws of heredity, could have meant nothing so sweeping.

To the critic, who may feel amazement and humiliation at the inroads of the new German psychology into his field, we may recite the words of a great book: "Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so-called."

"THIS ASTONISHING NATION."

If a nation may be supposed to feel like an individual on the subject of advancing age, we Americans have reason for much gratification. It is taking us a monstrous long time to grow old; the European who comes to our shores is still impressed, as he was in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, with a sense that what is presented to his vision is the spectacle of a youthful prodigy. Here, for instance, is the literary editor of the London *Daily News*, Mr. R. A. Scott-James, telling us, in the *North American Review*, of the thoughts with which a visit to America has filled his mind; and he finds the title best fitted to describe their general purport to be "This Astonishing Nation." Nor is it the vast expanses of our continental area, or the developments peculiar to the comparatively newly-settled West, that account for his impressions; since he frankly tells us that he has not visited Chicago or St. Louis or San Francisco, nor seen the Rocky Mountains or the Colorado Desert or "the flood of the Mississippi." Apparently, his experience has been confined to the cities of the Atlantic seaboard; yet he feels himself to have been in contact

with a race full of the untamed blood of youth. When we recall that, in point of time, we are as far from the Declaration of Independence as the England of Goldsmith was from the England of Shakespeare, and much farther from the foundation of Harvard College than the England of Shakespeare was from the England of Chaucer, it cannot but strike us as remarkable that we continue, in the eyes of our British cousins, to appear so inveterately young.

The battery of the standard questions—"What do you think of us?" "How do you like us?" "Is this at all what you expected?"—with which the newly-arrived foreigner is assailed, has remained, generation after generation, a source of ridicule on the part of the visitor and of mortification on our own part. But there are few things that persist long in this world without some kind of justification; and, ridiculous as these inquiries are, they do not have their root solely in American naïveté. If, in point of fact, almost every European who publishes his observations on our country finds us a new thing under the sun, a mystery to be explained, a sign and portent to stand amazed at, it is small wonder that there is a certain curiosity on our side to watch the manifestations of this state of mind. On ninety-nine successive days, the "average American" newspaper man does not think of himself, or of his country, as a curiosity to be examined, or a problem to be solved; but on the hundredth day, when an eminent European chiel comes here, takin' notes—and faith, he'll prent it—what is more natural than that the thought of the American newspaper man should be directed to what he expects will soon be uppermost in the mind of the visitor? "A nation of men free from the burden and the responsibility of self-consciousness, having the directness and the spontaneity of young schoolboys"—this, among other things, is what Mr. Scott-James finds us to be; and indeed, in his case, the questions thrust at the incoming visitor on landing were hardly even premature, for his first feelings were emotion of such "bewilderment and desolation" [isolation?] that he was overjoyed to realize that he resembled the "average American" at least in the point of having the same number of legs.

In these remarks, we are far from in-

tending to find fault with our English visitor's article, which is certainly not lacking in friendliness, and which contains many interesting reflections. One of these, which strikes us as specially worth quoting, refers to our passion for mechanical systematization:

You cannot be long in New York without observing that business has been actually embellished with that loving care which is akin to the care of the artist. I have been taken through offices organized to a point of efficiency which must be highly unremunerative. One is assured that millions of dollars are spent upon labor-saving appliances, which clearly satisfy the business instincts of directors on their artistic side—by which I imply their disinterested love of efficiency for its own sake. I venture to utter a conviction when I say that this love of the machine is bred in the bone of the average American.

But the note that runs through the article as a whole—and through the whole class of writings of which it is an example—suggests the idea that, in a measure, the tables might be turned on the writers. Is it, after all, in ourselves or in our visitors that the youthfulness really resides? Is not the capacity to see in us wonderful traits and potentialities quite as much an evidence of the freshness of their spirit as of the unexhausted vigor of our own youth?

But there is another aspect of these foreign generalizers. They draw the picture of what seems to them the American type; do they draw it so that we ourselves recognize its fidelity to the fact? Mr. Scott-James, for example, deals in a most kindly way with the American's relation to the almighty dollar; he makes our refusal to accept as a basis for personal distinction any "adventitious aid" except the possession of wealth a basis of praise, not blame. The regard paid thus to wealth does not show grossness or vulgarity; it is connected with that "artistry of business" which is so distinctively American. "The appearance of gentility," on the other hand, "without the solid hall-mark of wealth, is for the American the most detestable of frauds." That sounds pretty well; but, just as we are beginning to feel that the writer has made out a better case for us than we could have thought out for ourselves, he goes on to say, by way of clinching the matter, that "no man who is not rich would dare to say that his ancestors came over in the Mayflower." At this, of course, with the best of will, we cannot forbear to smile; and all of a sudden we realize that one reason why the stranger

can generalize so much more beautifully than the native is because he knows so much less of the facts. But this is in the nature of things; and, so long as our note-making visitors are—as is not only this one, but the majority of his confrères—honest, well-disposed, and intelligent, we can find pleasure and profit in the sidelights they throw upon our national life.

ON THE SUICIDE OF GEN. NOGI.

KAMAKURA, Japan, September 20.

Is it a piece of Buddhistic pessimism when I say that life itself is a tragedy from which only death is deliverance, and that therefore death is not life's end, but the hope and beginning? It is verily often proved here that death is not a cowardice or act of negation; even as an apology it has the highest possible dignity. Certainly there are various degrees of intensity in feeling life's tragedy according to personal temperament and circumstances, or to the nature of the age and race with which a man happens to bind himself; there is one who, appearing outwardly most rugged and insusceptible, is in his heart of hearts most tender and compassionate, and whose real nature rarely reveals itself, even though it is never misunderstood; and exactly such a one was Gen. Nogi, the famous Japanese soldier, known in the West as the Hero of Port Arthur, who committed suicide, or *junshi*, to use our Japanese word meaning a royal death, in following his master (the late Mikado) to the other world, on the very same evening when the Imperial hearse left the Palace. At this moment when his laudation is being sung most highly not only in Japan, but also in the West, as an act for the enforcement of the Japanese Bushido precept, I have no particular thought to dwell on that part; but what I am keenly and most forcibly moved by in the fact of his suicide, or *junshi*, is the human side of his nature, I mean how deeply he was wounded by life's tragedy. I do not like to speak and emphasize his death as martyrdom for old samurai precepts, but I want to bring out more the fact of his being a man most human and sweet; indeed, I think even that human personality alone would make him an immortal name.

Although it seems he already keenly realized the tragic side of life in his young day from the tragic death of his younger brother in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, and also the tragic death of Bunnoshin Tamaki, the younger brother's father-in-law, in connection with the so-called Mayahara Issai Rebellion, and also that, as Gen. Nogi wrote in his holograph, he wished to find the opportunity of death ever since he committed a disgraceful act in allowing the colors

of his regiment to be seized by the Satsuma rebels whom he was sent to suppress in the tenth year of Meiji, or 1877, I think that his great decision, I mean his thought of suicide, was firmly formed during the late Russia-Japan War, or soon after that war. As the whole world knows well, he was the general who was sent by the late Mikado's august command to Port Arthur, the fall of which was the most imminent necessity for the Emperor's programme; but he fought the hardest battle at Port Arthur with many succeeding sad failures, and, as a natural result, he finally lost a thousand brave young soldiers and left wounded many more thousand soldiers. He was then criticised even bitterly by many in the Western press; while he would not have feared the foreign criticism, how, he thought, could he see and face the fathers and mothers of those dead soldiers? In fact, he wrote the following lines when he returned from the field making the so-called Triumph Return:

Hazu ware nanno kawo ka rofu wo min,
Seisen konnichi ikunin ka kayeru.

(What shame! Oh what face have I to see their old fathers! 'T is a triumph return; but to-day how many have returned from the field?)

That was this brave soldier's saddest cry of heart; I can understand well why he placed his two sons, Lieutenants Katsusuke and Yasusuke Nogi, in the hardest, most exposed situation at Port Arthur; and as he wished, they died the bravest tragic death. He could not have stood, above all things, against the criticism, if there was to be criticism, that his father's selfish love covered his sons from danger and death; it is said that he only smiled, not shedding even one tear (he acted differently in other cases), when his last son's death was reported, and even forbade that his remains should be put in a beer barrel or orange box, but commanded that it should be left in the field to become a prey of birds. It was in those days that the following popular song was sung in the streets:

You cannot cry saying that he was your only one son;
Here is even one who lost his two sons.

That one who lost his two sons was, of course, Gen. Nogi; when he returned from the field, it was said he often confessed to his friends that he felt as if his heart's shoulders were lightened from the death of his sons, as he thought it was a punishment for his lack of tactics or wisdom in losing so many soldiers and making their mothers cry. "That was my little apology I could offer," he used to say. While the other generals looked to be proud of their own war fame and went round amid the banqueting and wine-drinking after peace had been regained, it was only that Gen. Nogi, who shut his gate tightly against visitors and hated and most bitterly ob-

jected to listen to and accept the words of praise. "Sumanu" was his usual word whenever the war talk, particularly on Port Arthur, happened to come up; that "I regret" was short, but by that one Japanese word Gen. Nogi wished to express all things and everything of his true heart.

When he told his family not to make the formal funeral service for his lost two sons, he thought that the service would not be complete without the third coffin, that was himself; but to-day even the fourth one, that of Countess Nogi (what a great Japanese woman that was!), has been added to the funeral of the Nogi family. Why did not Gen. Nogi die then, when he had already decided to die at the end of the war? That was because he was afraid it might be said that he had gone mad from the loss of his sons and followed after them, and because, above all, there was the Mikado, who fully trusted in him and to whose service his whole life was offered. Although he wished to die to make the apology for once and all, I mean to the fathers and mothers of the lost soldiers, he was so situated that he could not so easily die; he was patiently waiting for the fit opportunity to make his life's final exit. I have some reason to imagine that he grew doubtful and suspicious of the true meaning of Humanity when his fighter's fame became greater and greater, even in the West; I believe he often asked himself why he was entitled to such a distinguished fame, while he acted nothing but a series of brutalities at Port Arthur, although it was not from his own free will. This feeling, I mean the distrust in general humanity, was intensified, I dare say, when he appeared in Europe in company with Admiral Togo a year or two ago, and was received with the greatest honor as the nation's hero; he became a thorough pessimist, and his pessimism was deepened when his beloved Mikado passed away.

If Gen. Nogi's life tragedy and his human side were clearly and intelligently told, I think that he would be more prized as a humanity-loving soul than as a "war-god." When we call him a true samurai, it was because of his true love of peace; only the man with the real love of humanity can become the true fighter on the battlefield.

YONE NOGUCHI.

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

Numerous are the attempts in modern German letters to apply existing systems of philosophy to the problems of contemporary society. But of all such books, Omar al Raschid Bey's "Das hohe Ziel der Erkenntnis" (München: R. Piper) is likely to leave the most profound impression. For as the late G. V. Widmann, that broad catholic spirit among the writers of Switzerland, remarked: "Von den Blättern . . .

geht ein Hauch des Ewigen aus und eine beschwichtigende Stille, die wunderbar kontrastiert zu dem ruhelosen Umtrieb heutigen Lebens." The work is founded upon the old esoteric wisdom of the Upanishads, but the language in which this wisdom is conveyed is the author's own creation. He has delved into the very sources of speech and has found words that embody in concrete and lucid formulae the meaning of ideological concepts. Dr. Fritz Mauthner has said of the chapter in which the author reduces time and space to concepts of the ego: "Ich fand den Abschnitt über Zeit und Raum, Ich und Welt, so schön, dass ich nicht anstehe, ihn den anschaulichsten Platons an die Seite zu stellen."

It is refreshing to read in a treatise which has a professor of Heidelberg for its author, "Religion und Kultur" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs), that the word *Kultur*, which has been much overworked of late, must henceforth be employed with great caution. Professor Weber inquires into the causes of the present widespread hunger for culture of all sorts, and explains it by the discrepancy between effort and attainment, the disconnected aspect of the spiritual cosmos of the modern world, and the consciousness of having taken part in various movements which have run their course without giving any true value. Religion is the panacea prescribed by some, but religion cannot be artificially created. Professor Weber does not think probable a renaissance of Christianity or of any of the older religions. For man in the past, feeling his existence not as a process, but as being, and seeking something that embraced and surpassed it, found the final unity and was predestined for religion. Modern man, on the contrary, placed in the midst of a steadily shifting process of development, which is his life, seeing a before and an after, and establishing a relation between them, must think causally, which predestines him for irreligion. But modern philosophy has taught us a new way of looking at things—not to dissolve their unities, but to recognize and accept them as such, somewhat in the manner in which a poet lives and creates. This, the author asserts, gives us a conception of the continuity of being which no philosophical formula or religious dogma has yet succeeded in doing. He does not agree with all the charges raised against Christianity by Nietzsche, but he does reproach the doctrine of an Hereafter with having made of our present life only a preparatory transitional stage, with having travestied into formulae of renunciation the strongest human instincts, and, by a peculiar perversion of its purposes, with having produced the capitalistic structure and the rationalistic materialization of modern society. He makes life itself, with

all its manifold manifestations, the centre of his new religion:

... die aller Willkür fremde innere Notwendigkeit, das eigene innere Gesetz wird herrschen, das jedem Lebensteil die Formung geben will, auch uns, die wir sie unter Führung des Bewusstseins ändern sollen. Es ist die stärkste "Gültigkeit" von allgemeiner Art, die da ist. Nach dem von ihr in alles Sein gelegte Bild werden wir unsre Kräfte regeln, und wird sich jeder einzelne auf seine eigne Art ins Dasein, in den Raum der Formungs-, Handelns- und Entwicklungsmöglichkeiten fügen müssen.

Dr. Max Kemmerich has compiled a curious book of about three hundred pages under the title, "Aus der Geschichte der menschlichen Dummheit" (München: Albert Langen), and says in the preface: "Eine Geschichte der menschlichen Dummheit zu schreiben überstiege meine Kräfte: sie müste umfangreicher werden als die chinesische Enzyklopädie. Darum begnüge ich mich mit diesem Streifzuge, der einem ganz bestimmten Gebiete gilt. Der Zufall ist es nicht, der mich leitete."

Whoever has watched the discussions in the Bavarian Landtag and knows how violently the "ultramontane" and the liberal representatives are fighting for supremacy in matters of public education, will recognize in the words quoted the motive which led to the writing of this book. For, while the author gives a comprehensive survey of scholasticism, witchcraft and devil-craft, and other manifestations of superstition, the fourth chapter deals largely, and the fifth almost exclusively, with compulsory sectarian education and the fruits thereof in Bavaria. His familiarity with the subject is amazing, and his comments are direct and to the point. Thus when he relates in the first chapter the story of the juggler who appeared before Philip of Macedonia and caught peas thrown into the air upon the point of a needle, and instead of a rich reward got only a bushel of peas, he adds: "Wäre ein kluger Papst beim Aufwerfen der ersten Spitzfindigkeiten mit der ganzen scholastischen Richtung ebenso verfahren, dann hätte die gelehrte und die fromme Dummheit niemals solche Dimensionen annehmen können." Following the author through his selections from the writings of the early church fathers to recent utterances of an obsolete theology, leaves in the reader an impression similar to that gained by a walk through some museum of mediæval curiosities, including instruments of torture. Dr. Kemmerich's manner of treating his subject holds the reader's attention, although the subject is well-worn and by no means delectable.

The present singular alliance of science and literature is productive of some extraordinary books in Germany. One of the strangest is a volume of "studies of the unconscious in hero and

heroine," by Fritz Wittels, a former pupil of Professor Freud, entitled "Tragische Motive" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.). The main idea of the book is indicated in this statement from the preface:

Unsere Seele besitzt die Fähigkeit, Schwierigkeiten zu erkennen, die sich in der Aussenwelt ihren Wünschen entgegen-türmen. Wir wünschen vielerlei, wenig wird erfüllt und ohne Mühe nichts. Die Seele besitzt aber auch die weniger beachtete Fähigkeit, Schwierigkeiten und Un-möglichkeiten zu ignorieren und unbeschadet aller äusseren Hindernisse *endophysisch* alle jene Wünsche zu erfüllen, denen in Wirklichkeit eine Erfüllung versagt bleibt.

One of the functions of this sub-conscious force, which he resents being looked upon as a matter of metaphysics, consists in substituting unconscious motives for those of the conscious will. Upon this premise he builds up some interesting theories relative to the actions of famous heroes and heroines in history and literature. That these theories shatter some of our cherished notions about their characters goes without saying.

Wittels begins his inquiry into the sub-conscious with Brutus, the time-honored favorite of school oratory, and interprets him thus: The speech of Brutus is that of the republican, conscious of his descent from Cato and the willing mouthpiece of his milieu; the actions of Brutus are those of the illegitimate son of Cæsar, secretly hating Cæsar for having dishonored his mother, secretly discontented with his lot, secretly impatient to succeed Cæsar. In his analysis of Belshazzar, of Rhodope, as presented in Hebbel's drama, "Gyges und sein Ring," and the Medea of Euripides, Wittels holds the reader's interest less by the force of his arguments, which are not always convincing, than by his forcible, brilliant style. An interesting paper is the one entitled "Hellas und Hysterie," in which he credits Jacob Burckhardt with having discovered that the Hellenes, generally regarded as models of strength and health, were hysterical. It seems that the suggestion which he launched in one of his books was accepted with particular eagerness by some Austrian writers, among them Hoffmannsthal, who forthwith set out to revise classical drama according to psychopathic standards. Wittels protests against these new versions of Klytemnestra, Jocasta, Electra, Creon, and Oedipus, as "re-created" by Hoffmannsthal, staged by Reinhardt, and set to music by Strauss. He asks:

Wenn die griechischen Tragiker hysterisch waren, warum müssen sie dann umgedichtet werden? Vielleicht sind wir selber oder das Publikum solcher Umdichtungen hysterisch, wenn wir Hoffmannsthal besser goutieren als die Meister der grauen Vorzeit. Die griechischen Tragödien sind krass im Sonnenschein. Gespenster, Drachen, Götter erscheinen am lichten Tag. Die Umdichter

sind krass in Nebel und Nacht. Nach der abgetönten Dichtung einer klassischen Periode scheint unser Geschmack grelle Kost zu fordern. Wir wollen einen Muttermord auf unserer Schaubühne sehen: aber nicht im naiven Lichte des Werktages, sondern im Schein von violetten Reflektoren und dunkelroten Reflexionen. Unsere Phantasie badet im Blut, aber niemand soll es merken, wir leugnen es uns selber ab, wenn wir am andern Tag unsere Beschäftigung, als da ist, uns ducken und Geld erraffen, wieder aufnehmen. Und nur dieses Versteckenspielen, diese Lügenhaftigkeit ist hysterisch.

Women occupy a surprisingly large space in the book, and in his analysis of female heroines from Judith to Lady Macbeth the sex in general receives a treatment which makes Wittels a worthy compatriot and contemporary of Weininger. His theory about women who commit murder for what is generally accepted as political reasons, seems specially framed for his "endophysical" fulfillment of desires otherwise unrealizable. He is suspiciously eager to inquire into the private life of Charlotte Corday, Vera Sassulitsch, Tatjana Leontiew, and Wanda Dobrodzicka, to discover some proof that they acted not from a conscious political motive, but from a sub-conscious sexual instinct.

Max Martersteig's "Die ethische Aufgabe der Schaubühne" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag) is a thoughtful contribution to the literature of a well-worn topic. Taking his cue from Schiller's much-misinterpreted address of the year 1781, "Die Schaubühne als moralische Anstalt betrachtet," he says that the work of Schiller should always be looked upon as a whole, his importance becoming evident only as one follows his development from that address to the "Briefe über die ästhetische Erziehung des Menschen." Schiller's aim "to transmute the work of necessity into one of free choice" should always have been the aim of human action as of dramatic production. The noblest effort of humanity was to him the removal of the gross contrast between the sensual and the moral instinct of man. Tragedy should deal not with the Schopenhauerian negation of passion, but with its refinement and elevation. This, however, does not imply that Schiller wished the drama to be adapted to the standard of the nursery or the boarding-school miss. He recognized its dynamic quality and did not intend to give it fixed boundaries. Martersteig is of the opinion that a revision of the current conception of Schiller's aesthetic principles, and their application to contemporary problems of the stage, would save the theatre from being muzzled by "moral purism" and from degenerating through a degrading cult of Momus.

A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The fourth and concluding portion of the great library brought together, in a half-century of collecting, by the late Robert Hoe, will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company in twenty sessions, afternoons and evenings, in the weeks beginning November 11 and November 18. While a large number of important and valuable books are included in this final sale, it does not equal any one of the three preceding portions.

There are forty-seven old manuscripts, including eighteen fifteenth-century Books of Hours; an Officium of the early sixteenth century with nine large miniatures; a Hebrew manuscript Bible of the fifteenth century; a manuscript Petrarch; several Persian and Arabic manuscripts, and a volume containing manuscripts of about sixty English poems, some being as early as the fifteenth century, others more modern transcripts, a collection formed by Joseph Haslewood.

Among notable early printed books are: "De doctrina christiana sive de arte predicandi" of St. Augustine, printed by Mentellin in Strassburg in 1466; the "Summa Theologiae" of Thomas Aquinas, printed at Mainz in 1471; Cicero's "Tusculanarum Questionum," printed by Jenson at Venice in 1472, and one of about six copies known on vellum; the "Philobiblion" of Richard de Bury, printed at Speier in 1483; "L'Orloge de devotion" of Jehan Quentin, printed at Paris about 1500, and one of only three copies known on vellum; Rolewinck's "Fasciculum temporum," printed by Ratdolt at Venice in 1481; and a series of fifteen printed Books of Hours.

Among the books from the Elzevir press are the "Eschole de Salerne" (1651), said to be the only uncut copy known, and the first Elzevir Cæsar (1635), in a prize-winning binding by Simier. Chief of the Aldines is a copy of the Petrarch of 1501, the first Italian book to be printed in italic types.

The Shakespeareana in this portion include a third folio Shakespeare (1664), a freak, having the portrait printed at the bottom of the page and verses above and upside down; quartos of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (1619); "Troilus and Cressid" (1609), and "The Puritaine" (1607); and numerous editions of the Works. Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (1590-1596), and his "Fowre Hymnes" (1596); Samuel Daniel's "Della" (1592), the Ouvry-Locker copy of the second edition, said to be the only perfect copy known, and others of his books; three editions of Drayton's "Poems" (1608, 1619, and 1627); the first edition of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (1575), the second English comedy, the authorship of which has been attributed to Bishop John Still and, with more probability, to William Stevenson; Samuel Rowland's "Martin Mark-all" (1610); the first edition in English of More's "Utopia" (1551); Shackerly Marston's "Cupid and Psiche" (1637), with the rare engraved title; and the sixth edition of Bacon's "Essays" (1613), are among the most important early English books. There are series of plays by Dryden, Otway, Davenant, Mrs. Behn, Dufrey, Congreve, and others; also, Congreve's first publication, "Incognita; or, Love and Duty reconcil'd" (1692), which is very rare.

A series of books by Swift, some duplicate Popes, and an uncut copy of Sterne's

"Sentimental Journey" (1768) are among the eighteenth-century English books. Of books by nineteenth-century English authors the most notable is a long series of first editions of Shelley, including "Zastrozzi" (1810), "St. Irvyne" (1811), "Laon and Cythna" (1818), "Epipsychidion" (1821), and "Adonais" (1821), the last being a superlatively fine copy in the original paper cover and of full size.

The Americana of this portion include two great rarities, the first dated edition (1504) of Vesputius's "Mundus Novus" and the first Latin edition of Columbus's first letter, "Epistola Christofori Coloni" (Rome, Planck, 1493), but as the genuineness of one or two leaves of this has been questioned, the book is sold without guarantee. The second edition of the first collection of Voyages, the "Paesi Novamente Retrovati" (1508); the first collection of voyages in French, the "Extraict ou Recueil des Isles nouvellement trouves" (1532); the second edition of Maximilian of Transylvania's account of Magellan's voyage around the world (Rome, 1523); Gomara's "Pleasant Historie of the Conquest of the West India" (1578); and Champlain's "Voyages" (1620), are other notable items of Americana.

As in the previous sales, a large number of books, including some very important ones, are catalogued under Binding, being either elaborate specimens or more usually *provenance* books with arms or devices of famous former owners. There are three books from Jean Grolier's library and one from Maioli's. A few autograph letters and literary manuscripts are scattered through the two catalogues, the most important being an A. L. S. of Catherine de' Medici. An autograph manuscript of Sir Walter Scott, a series of letters by Ruskin, and a mass of poetical manuscript of the poet Southey are others.

At the end, about seven hundred lots, is Mr. Hoe's library of bibliography, including some books rarely offered for sale.

A sale of miscellaneous books which belonged to Mr. Hoe, but which did not form a part of his library, will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company on November 25 and 26. Included are a large number of French novels.

Correspondence

THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are there not reasons to fear that our State universities are allowing themselves to be flattered, persuaded, and driven into attempting much more than any human institutions can successfully perform? Instead of devoting themselves to one definite and all important but difficult task, the traditional task of universities since there have been universities, these institutions must now have, or pretend to have, a hand in the business of everybody. Knowledge is power; the State university is the home of knowledge, therefore, the State University must make it its direct and immediate business to see that everything in the State which maintains it goes right, from the drawing up and enforcement of laws, to the installation of sewerage systems in all the

small towns of the State, and the instructive entertainment of rural communities at country schoolhouses on long winter evenings.

Of course, the very last thing in the world that any sensible man would think of arguing is that the State should deny itself the privilege of calling into its service the men and women most competent to do its work, wherever it can find them, provided it can offer them acceptable terms, and conditions under which they can do their work with decent effectiveness. But all men, including even university presidents and professors, are of limited powers. The man who spends himself in delivering university extension lectures, serving on commissions, and helping to whip legislation into some kind of tolerable shape before it is placed upon the statute books of the State, cannot also spend himself in teaching his classes made up of students in residence at the university.

One of the very worst results produced by this spreading out of the State universities is that it is uniting with many other agencies to bring into discredit the "mere teacher." It may be said, indeed, that there probably never was a time in the history of higher education when the university professor as a type was more respected than he is to-day, in this country, at any rate. That is true, no doubt. But he is respected because he serves on commissions, goes abroad as ambassador of the republic, heads some movement which makes a dramatic appeal to the public attention, or perhaps merely excites and keeps excited the news instinct of the reporter for the daily press. He is not respected as a good teacher, or even as a teacher at all. If the good teacher is indeed a disappearing type in university faculties, it is because the east wind of discouragement is blowing him out of the profession. Even the man or woman of fine character has some natural longing for the substantial rewards of life: for the public respect, and for appreciation of intelligent and devoted service, shown in such ways as those in which it is given to university administrative officers to indicate such appreciation, for example.

Not the least of the evils wrought by this tendency towards undue expansion into the fields of the world, indeed, is its mischievous influence on the ambitions of members of the university faculty. The men who become accustomed to the idea that academic glory and newspaper renown are to be won, not by teaching, but by "doing things," come to attach a very exaggerated value to the importance of getting themselves numbered among those who are "doing things" even within the limits of the university world. Among no class of men will you hear more talk about "executive ability" than among the senior members of a college faculty; nowhere will you see more wise yet troubled shaking of the head when it becomes a question as to whether Mr. A. is really qualified, by virtue of his executive ability, to fill some petty higher position in the faculty than he now holds.

Can it be that the cause of the evil here under discussion is to be found in an altogether wrong attitude of the public towards the State university? We read with admiration of the sacrifices made by the early settlers in many parts of this country in

order that the men and women who grew up there might be educated. When these early settlers founded schools and colleges, they were not thinking of immediate economic gain. Nor did they imagine that they were constructing a machine through which directly the attempt would be made to perform almost all the offices of society that call for a little knowledge out of the ordinary. In founding institutions of learning, of every grade, these pioneers were, above all things, giving evidence of their belief in the value of a man. For many years now, that pseudo-philosophical thinking which has had the ear of the respectable world, and has, in particular, dominated the notions regarding matters social and political that have found expression in American academic circles, has systematically depreciated the importance of the individual man, and has cried up that of society, of man in the mass. Can it be that the public has at last in living fact come to accept this doctrine, and that it no longer believes in the supreme value of the individual man, the one real human unit, and the proper subject of all our concern?

However this may be, the members of the faculties of State universities have in recent years been made disagreeably aware that the questions in which the authorities are really interested, and therefore, supposedly, the public also, are not such questions as these: How successful have you been in starting the young men and women who have sat under your instruction in the paths of sound thinking? How deeply have you instilled into them respect for the truth, and the determination to let their conduct be guided by the best understanding of things as they actually are that we can at present attain, rather than by long current and mistaken notions presenting them as they have been supposed to be? Have you done the utmost that in you lies so to direct the thinking of these young people that they will hereafter make it a chief business of their lives to form clear ideas as to what justice is, and what it demands in specific human relationships, and be constantly loyal to the obligation to help those ideas prevail in the world?

No, the interest of the public in the operations of State universities is apparently to be gauged by questions like these: How many more students have you turned out—the correct phrase!—this year than last? How many hundreds more have you laid your plans to get here, by every device humanly employable, so that you can turn them out next year, and next year, and the year after that? How many hundred university extension lectures have the members of your faculty delivered in the State during the past year? How many hundred correspondence students have been induced to add their names to your roll of students? How many hours a day does each member of your faculty work? What have you done for the butter-makers of the State? the cheese-makers? the fruit-growers? Above all, what have you done for the farmers? Finally, have you used every means in your power to keep the newspapers of the State talking about you, always remembering that it does not much matter what you have them say about you, so long as there is a large element of brag in it?

Is it true that this sort of thing represents the attitude of the public of the State to the university? If so, is the fact of good promise for the future of the State university as an institution? R.

October 7.

A PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We hear a good deal these days about elevating the stage. There seems to be a feeling among educated people in general, and a few managers in particular, that the profession is sadly in need of culture and refinement. A year or so ago, Mr. Daniel Frohman made a plea for the enthusiastic reception of college graduates within our ranks. "The stage will find its best recruits in the universities," he wrote, or something to that effect. More recently still, Mr. Belasco, bemoaning the absence of real gentlemen qualified to do gentlemen parts, has offered to train a certain number of young actors in this much-neglected art.

Is it then true that education and good breeding form a valuable foundation for a stage career, and are Messrs. Frohman and Belasco quite sincere in professing to be in search of actors thus equipped? I confess I am somewhat skeptical on this score, and in view of my own personal experience and that of some of my college friends, I believe my doubts are justified. To me there is no question but that culture of mind and manner is a handicap in this profession, at least at the start. This wonderful thing called personality that seems so essential in "landing the job" is nothing more nor less, nine times out of ten, than a lack of refined sentiments, an ill-bred willingness to blow one's own horn, a callousness to snubs, and, above all, the ability to push one's self and one's cause, regardless of means or of consequences.

These things the true gentleman, or true lady, will not do. If she has no "pull" she will go with the mob to the agencies to look for her engagement. She will stand in the back, of course, seeing that others are there before her, and so entitled to first consideration. If the door to the agent's inner office is closed, and marked "Private," she will not open it. She will be inconspicuously dressed, and will not look like an actress. When her turn comes to speak, her voice will be low, so that she may not attract attention. Mr. Agent will, of course, doubt her ability to throw it across the footlights. When asked of her experience, remembering the words of Emerson, "Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the health of human society"—she will tell the truth. Being modest, she will not speak at all of her real achievements. By this time, Mr. Agent is quite convinced that she is hopeless as an actress, and shuts off the interview by telling her to come in again.

And yet—and yet, I read and hear constantly that just such men and women are wanted on our stage; men who have studied and travelled, who speak several languages, who have polished manners and high ideals. We regret, I hear it said, that our actors are not more like the English actors in general culture.

I wish very much that this question

could be thrashed out and settled for the good of all. If we have come to the point where something besides blond hair and rouged lips seems proof of histrionic talent, let us give these university graduates a trial. If not, let them be discouraged at once and in every possible way, so that they may turn their valuable training into channels where it will bring results.

On my tour last season I became acquainted with a member of our company, who had graduated with high honors from Cornell. He spoke French and German fluently, and was also something of a musician. He had gentlemanly manners and dignity of bearing. He played a very insignificant part remarkably well, and one of my friends in the audience observed him particularly for a certain indescribable something that the others did not have. On the one occasion when he was called upon as understudy to handle a "fifty-slide" part on short notice, he did so without a single error. Our stage manager told me it was the best understudy performance he had ever witnessed. The young gentleman in question has been in the profession four years, and during that time has been employed just fifty weeks. That is to say, he has had three years of enforced idleness in all, or has worked fifty out of two hundred and eight weeks. Three years spent in elbowing through the crowds on Broadway, in patient waiting for managers who never come, in breathing the vitiated air of their dreary offices. Three beautiful long years of vigorous youth gone, years for which other men in other professions, though struggling, too, no doubt, have certainly something to show.

LOVELL OLDHAM.

New York, October 10.

GENTLEMEN AT THE WICKET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am surprised that no one has replied to your correspondent Mr. Baker's banter, in your issue of October 3, in regard to "gentlemen" cricketers. The expression, "the Gentlemen of" a place or country is a time-honored cricket term, meaning an eleven composed of men who belong to different clubs and are not professionals. As there are (fortunately, it seems to me) no professional cricket teams in this country, and as most matches are played between clubs, the term is not often used here, but I do not think any other expression takes its place. In England the term is familiar to every one, as is also the term "players," meaning professionals. In that delightful book, "The Cricket Field," written in 1851, I find the following on pages 63 and 64 of the American edition:

In this year (1798) these gentlemen aforesaid made the first attempt at a Gentlemen and Players' match; and on this first occasion the players won.

There [in London] the play was nearly all professional; even the gentlemen made a profession of it.

Your correspondent's quotation from Kipling is too brief to express the main point, which is not a condemnation of "flannelled youths," for those are not his words, but of the spectators, who, instead of either fighting their country's battles, or working, or even playing some manly game themselves, flock by thousands to see a few other men play cricket or football, just

as here in America they crowd the bleachers to gaze at hired baseball performers, who rarely even live in the cities which they are supposed to represent. Kipling addresses the men who let others fight for them in South Africa, and says:

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket, or the muddled oafs at the goals.

As a condemnation of professional sport, these lines are admirable, but I have never heard that the British officers who broke off their cricket match on June 12, 1815, when Wellington and the Prince of Orange rode up to order an immediate advance on Waterloo, failed to give a good account of themselves in the battle. In this country, too, the members of the Washington Cricket Club of fifteen or twenty years ago can never forget the wonderful batting, considering the difficulties, accomplished by a gray-haired gentleman, who must have been a splendid cricketer in his youth, but who had lost his right arm, and even the control over some fingers of the left hand, in one of the finest displays of devoted heroism that ennobled the Civil War.

CHARLES C. BINNEY.

Philadelphia, October 12.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LABOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two statements in your recent editorial paragraph against the restriction of immigration ought not to be allowed to go unchallenged. You state, "But American labor will enter certain lines of work on no terms." As a matter of fact, there is no kind of work which American laborers will not do, if they are paid enough or if the conditions are made sufficiently attractive. In some cases, it is true, there are other than financial conditions involved. The thoroughbred Southerner firmly believes that there are certain kinds of work which a white man will not do on any terms because such work is "niggers' work." Yet we know perfectly well that where negro laborers are few white men do this work as cheerfully as any other. Similarly, in certain sections where foreign labor has occupied a field, it seems to short-sighted citizens that American laborers cannot be had on any terms, such work being regarded as "fit only for foreigners." And yet we know perfectly well that where foreign labor is absent, American laborers do the work cheerfully, if they are paid for it. On the Pacific Coast it is asserted by certain prejudiced people that white men cannot be procured to do certain kinds of work, such work being regarded as Chinaman's work. Yet where there are no Chinese there is not the slightest difficulty in getting white men to do the work, provided satisfactory wages are paid.

You also state that "The United States needs immigration more than any other country, because men rise rapidly in the social scale, as they cannot elsewhere." How much we need a man is indicated by how much we are willing to pay him. It may be true that we need an immigrant more than some other countries, as evidenced by the fact that we pay him more. Yet the need cannot be very great unless we are willing to pay something above \$1.50 per day. If

we had to face the alternative of dispensing with his services or paying \$2 per day, and we decided to dispense with his services, that would indicate that we did not need him \$2 worth. If we did need him very badly, we should obviously be willing to pay him \$2.

I know it is customary when the choice is offered of two alternatives to choose both, yet in some cases we cannot have both. This is a case in point. We have the alternative of industrial peace with high wages, brought about automatically through the operation of supply and demand; or we may have an abundant supply of cheap labor. But we cannot have both. If we choose to have an abundant supply of cheap labor, we must expect to have the struggle for high wages carried on by revolutionary methods. If we choose industrial peace, we must expect to reduce the supply of cheap labor, and have wages forced up automatically through the sheer scarcity of unskilled labor. It is for the American people to decide which alternative they prefer.

T. N. CARVER.

Harvard University, October 10.

Literature

THE REALISTIC MOVEMENT.

The World We Live In. By G. S. Fullerton. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

The New Realism. By E. B. Holt, W. T. Marvin, W. P. Montague, R. B. Perry, W. B. Pitkin, and E. G. Spaulding. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

The progress of philosophy seems at times discouraging. Not only does it appear unable to prove anything; it seems almost impossible for it to disprove anything. Most of us were brought up to believe that realism, at any rate, was safely laid away in its grave where it would give no more trouble; but lo! it is stalking again about the land, like the ghost of one who has suffered an untimely death. In fact, it is proving a very lively ghost; for, not to mention its vigorous revival in England, the progress it is making in this country at the present time is comparable only to that made a few years ago by its great predecessor, pragmatism. The philosophical journals are filled with it, and within the last few months three books have appeared in its defence. One of these, Professor Perry's "Present Philosophical Tendencies," was reviewed in these columns not long ago. The two others will concern us here.

Professor Fullerton was one of the first to sound a return to realism, and his present book merely reiterates, in trenchant language, the doctrine he has advocated in many previous writings. The title of his book is well-chosen; for the chief argument on which the author relies is the assertion that the world of idealism is not the world we live in. Passages like the following abound: "If,

in the laboratory, I say: close your eyes and turn that dynamometer into a memory-image; put this speck under the microscope and convert it into an insect; that cork is too large, stand farther back from it and reduce its size—if I ramble on in this fashion, it will be suspected that I have dined generously." The reiteration of clever ridicule like this doubtless serves a purpose. But the serious reader will probably feel that this sort of thing may be carried a bit too far; and he may even be reminded by it of Dr. Johnson with his famous stick refuting Berkeley.

Professor Fullerton's view differs from the old realism of Descartes and Locke in rejecting the notion of a "substance" behind phenomena. His real world is, he insists, frankly phenomenal. All real objects are "appearances" in the sense that they actually appear to some one or belong to the class of things that do or may or might so appear. Yet this does not mean that the world is subjective or dependent for its existence or its character on being known. Unfortunately, we are not told what an unperceived phenomenon may be, nor what is meant by calling a hypothetical object which never appears a member of the class of things that do appear; and the Johnonian arguments on the subject, though very amusing, do not throw much light on the difficulty. Clearer is Professor Fullerton's main thesis, that physical objects, with both their primary and their secondary qualities, are perceived *directly*, not through the mediation of subjective states, and that hence, the difficulties which led to the invention of idealism were entirely gratuitous. The fact that two men see the same object differently, together with all the other facts of illusion and error, need not disturb us. It does not prove that we perceive things only indirectly and through our "ideas," or that our knowledge of the "outer world" is representative; it shows merely that *under different conditions the object is perceived differently*—exactly what we should expect. One never perceives the object *as such*, i. e., abstractly. One perceives it every time under some particular condition. And there is nothing in this fact to make one's perception *indirect*.

Professor Fullerton's book leaves us just about where it found us—in "Everybody's World," the world of common sense. One, in fact, is tempted to ask at the end, If realism be true, what is there left for a philosopher to talk about? One will find the answer to this question in "The New Realism." A greater contrast than that between these two books, in spite of their almost identical aim and point of view, it would be hard to find. Professor Fullerton's book is cast in popular language and engaging style, and it gives back to the common man his comfortable old world again.

"The New Realism" means to be *streng wissenschaftlich* and severely technical. Much of it is phrased in forbiddingly difficult language, with an occasional self-conscious use of symbolic logic and mathematics, as though to give notice to the man in the street that this is no place for him and that he had much better stay where he is and read something popular. And though it holds out a refuge for all those who are weary of the fancies of the idealists, the picture of the world it gives us at the end will hardly be recognized as that of "the world we live in."

The book opens with a joint introduction on which the six authors unite, after which each contributes an article on some phase of the problem. Thus Professor Marvin writes on "The Emancipation of Metaphysics from Epistemology"; Professor Perry, "A Realistic Theory of Independence"; Professor Spaulding, "A Defense of Analysis"; Professor Montague, "A Realistic Theory of Truth and Error"; Professor Holt, "The Place of Illusory Experience in a Realistic World," and Professor Pitkin, "Some Realistic Implications of Biology." Throughout these varied themes certain common points of view are repeatedly emphasized. Important among these are the attack upon idealism; the vindication of analysis and scientific method as ultimate; the consequent rejection of mysticism, neo-vitalism, and all other anti-naturalistic forms of thought; the acceptance of naturalism almost *in toto*; and the development of a view of consciousness which makes it not different in content from the rest of nature. It is particularly in this last respect that the writers of this book have gone beyond Professor Fullerton and most of their other fellow-realists. As idealism of a certain type destroyed the objective by interpreting it in terms of the subjective, so some, at least, of the new realists would seem almost to destroy the subjective and leave the world all "outside" with no "inside." Thus Professor Holt likens consciousness to a searchlight "which, by playing over a landscape and illuminating now this object and now that, thus defines a new collection of objects, all of which are integral parts of the landscape (and remain so), although they have now gained membership in another manifold—the class of all objects on which the illumination falls." Further, by an ingenious psychological hypothesis, secondary qualities are regarded as composed of actual vibrations in the nervous system of the same rate as the outer vibrations which are their source, and as being, therefore, not unanalyzable psychic elements, but "form-qualities in which the temporal subdivisions are so small that the time-sense cannot discriminate them, whereas the frequency, magnitude, or density still remains perceivable." Consciousness,

thus, is not even an epiphenomenon. It constitutes nothing, but is a collection of other things picked out by the action of the nervous system. It follows naturally that the study of the action of the nervous system and of the organism in general is the true method of investigating the mind, and that introspection can give us but little trustworthy information concerning mental life. Psychology hereafter must cease dealing with "mental states," and philosophy must give up the notion that there is any such thing as "consciousness" distinct from material and logical objects and physical activities.

How completely this view of things stands all our traditional philosophies upon their heads is plain enough. And not only the philosophies, but poor old common sense as well finds itself in the same unaccustomed position. Doubtless the man in the street was considerably surprised when Berkeley told him that things were only his ideas; but, if I mistake not, he will be no less bewildered when he learns from the realist that his ideas are nothing but things. But perhaps the revolutionary nature of the new realism cannot be better characterized than it is by one of the new realists themselves, towards the close of the book under review:

Reconstruction must begin; and a theory of life and mind must be worked out which dispenses with the old, discredited categories of idealistic psychology, such as "mental states," "subject-object polarity," "creative synthesis," and the like. Now it is evident that the first steps to slough off these notions will be not only difficult, but full of strange writhings. They will be no less violent than an endeavor to exchange the parts of speech of one's native tongue, and to use nouns for adverbs, or adverbs for prepositions.

CURRENT FICTION.

[THE DIFFICULT ART OF MARRIAGE.]
Marriage. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

Is Mr. Wells headed straight for reaction? That is a question which will have to be answered in definite form by the future biographer of Mr. Wells when he deals with the latest book by the most modern of contemporary English novelists. A definite answer at the present time is hazardous. A writer of the modern temperament changes rather than evolves. Consistency being a rather outworn virtue, it does not follow that a man's opinions to-morrow must be in harmony with his opinions of to-day. But whether "Marriage" is a spiritual conversion or merely a spiritual caprice, it may be set down at once that in this book Mr. Wells has written an old-fashioned novel. It does not matter that our author insists upon describing his problem as a modern problem and his characters as modern men and women. In spite of fre-

quent allusions to Albert Hall meetings, Mr. Asquith's troubles with the suffragists, and other actualities of the morning newspaper, the story harks back in its essentials to a literary type that the younger generation has long declared to be obsolete. When Mr. Wells's Marjorie lets her thoughts drift back, in curious archaeological speculation, to the dim, dead past when Russians and Japanese were battling in Manchuria—almost seven years ago—she is at one with the modern young lady in *Punch* who cannot abide Bernard Shaw because he is so "Edwardian." But this is just mannerism. The story of Marjorie Pope's love and marriage is old-fashioned in theme, outlook, and treatment.

If Mr. Wells, as a student of social phenomena, stands for anything in the public mind, it is for the thorough reconstruction of this lumbering, creaking, utterly irrational world of ours into a neatly-mortised, water-tight, and strictly hygienic place to live in. In "Marriage" he pokes fun at the world-builders. The scientific reason was to make a clean sweep of old habits and prejudices. To-day Mr. Wells's attitude is much more charitable. He does not say it in so many words, but it is plain that old habits and prejudices are to him now something more than rubbish. He has almost attained that conservative temperament which respects facts and institutions whose roots lie deep down in time. Formerly, Mr. Wells used to be very impatient with the devil of inertia. In the present book he is exceedingly impatient with the kind of people that are always inaugurating Movements and Programmes. He loses his temper utterly when he speaks of the Gawdsakers, the people who jump up and scream "For Gawd's sake, let's do something!" without thinking things out. It is quite evident that Mr. Wells is not one of the moderns who regard themselves as points pressing forward into space. When he insists upon stopping and finding out where and how far he is going, Mr. Wells reveals a state of mind that is almost Victorian. This is a cruel thing to say, but the truth must be told.

Marjorie Pope, in "Marriage," is a clear-eyed, clean-limbed, healthy, intelligent modern young woman. We call Marjorie a modern young woman because that is what Mr. Wells calls her. Actually, her emotional life is precisely that of any girl in any century who stands wondering on the threshold of the unknown. She likes pretty clothes and slim-built young men, entertains vague notions on religion, detests her father's boorish manners, and dreams of a lover. He comes in the person of a brilliant young chemist who tumbles out of a monoplane on Marjorie's lawn. They elope, marry, and rent a small house in Chelsea which Marjorie fur-

nishes in exquisite taste and complete disregard of the size of Trafford's income. They are happy. Children come. Trafford must give up his researches in the chemistry of molecules and go in for popular lectures, but the money difficulty persists. Trafford gives up lecturing before suburban women's clubs and goes in for synthetic rubber. He grows rich and his life grows empty. Marjorie's life is empty, too. She takes a larger and more expensive house and then a still larger and still more expensive house, and the larger the house the wider is the space between the corner in which Trafford eats his heart out and the corner in which Marjorie sits unhappy; until Trafford can bear it no longer. What tortures him is that in London there is no opportunity for thinking things out and talking things over. He decides to go to Labrador—alone, if necessary; but Marjorie goes with him. Then, through several months of northern twilight, Trafford thinks and talks; and the conclusion at which he arrives is this: Husband and wife must be comrades; but since the male is the pioneer of the race, in the work of civilization, he must not let himself be hampered by the female's natural appetite for beauty (including fine clothes and excitement). They come back to London and their children, Trafford to perfect his message and bring it before the world, Marjorie to help him with her sympathy instead of giving dinners and running up bills. Whether they put their plans into effect Mr. Wells does not tell us. Probably they do not.

The mere fact that Mr. Wells has written a novel which is not a battle-cry but an echo, while sufficiently interesting in itself, would not necessarily call for extended comment. As we have said, there is no safe predicting which way Mr. Wells will face in his next book. We may find him still further on the road towards the old standards and the old moralities, or we may find him holding an advanced outpost far ahead of "Ann Veronica." What does arrest one's attention in "Marriage," is that in breaking away from the modern conception of marriage and love in marriage, Mr. Wells remains faithful to certain characteristic dogmas of modern writers on the subject. He has kept the old turns of phrase. The book in its total effect is old-fashioned, but it has pages that are very advanced indeed. Thus we know that whereas the conservative mind prefers to regard the ideal marriage as a condition of peaceful beatitude, the modern mind is obsessed with the curse of placidity that follows upon marriage. Here Mr. Wells is quite modern still. He deplores the fading of romance that follows the tumult and the glory of Marjorie's courtship and the first golden days of wedlock. The burden of his song is familiar

enough: With marriage the emotional climax is attained; soon the walls of the enchanted garden fall to the ground—and the real world outside forces its way in. At all times men have recognized the emotional calm that follows courtship, when Romeo forswears moonlit balconies and warms his slippers at the fire. Women have revolted at the fact. Men have accepted it with resignation. Recall Sardou's Cyprienne, and how she protests against the stagnation of married life. Des Prunelles asks whether she would have him dress up as a Calabrian bandit and climb in at her window on a rope ladder. And no one would accuse Sardou of being modern. But whereas the old world, accepting the fact that men are April when they woo and December when they wed, has attempted to go behind the fact and work out a reconciliation between the real and the ideal, the modern temperament refuses to be comforted. And so in countless novels and plays the hero turns from the lassitude of marriage to the never-failing stimulant of art. Your extreme modernist does not hesitate to return a verdict of guilty on the indictment. Marriage ceases to be true marriage when romance ceases; accordingly, it stands condemned.

And now note one of those essential contradictions that the modern soul adores. In one breath wedlock stands condemned of bovine placidity. In the next breath marriage is a failure because the sexes are in perpetual conflict and because woman is an eternal mystery. How a perpetual conflict can be tame, how an eternal mystery can be conducive to lassitude, how one can live in slippered ease with a sphinx about the house, we find it rather hard to understand. Mr. Wells tumbles into exactly this contradiction. Having assured us that in love one fails or wins home, and there's an end of it, Mr. Wells devotes three hundred closely-printed pages to showing how Marjorie and Trafford labored to find out whether their love is actually a failure or whether they have in fact won home. It takes them ten years to find out; and a solution that occupies one for ten years argues a fairly difficult and absorbing puzzle. There is certainly no spiritual or emotional stagnation in the married life of the Traffords. In the course of their search after their own souls, what tense situations Mr. Wells compels them to face, what emotional storms they must weather, what adjustment and readjustment they attempt! They ponder, they debate, they analyze their own attitudes towards each other and to the world, they indulge in regrets, they flame up with renewed hopes, they quarrel, they flee for refuge to their children, they flee to the silence of their own souls in Labrador, they starve, they face death, they face the greatest thing in the world—which is

Truth. How can a condition which makes such demands upon heart and brain and character conceivably be described as monotonous?

There are modern critics of marriage who are not altogether blind to this weakness in their case. The more careful and conscientious observers among them recognize that this business of the stagnation of wedlock has been sadly overdone. They know that the period after the honeymoon is not one dead level of satiety. There are emotional revivals. The sacred flame leaps up again. Romance returns to its throne. The modern writer, taking cognizance of this well-established phenomenon, describes it as a process of falling in love again. That is the way Mr. Wells speaks of it. In his peculiar use of the word love to describe not a permanent state but a recurrent emotional condition, he still holds fast to the new school. Let us put the case crudely. Under the old-fashioned conception, if husband and wife are in love on Sunday and are found to be in love on the Sunday following, the assumption was that the two have been lovers during the six days intervening. Under the new conception, husband and wife may be in love on Sunday, out of love on Monday and Tuesday, in love again on Wednesday and Thursday. Take the case of Marjorie and Trafford. Their marriage is a love marriage, and, in passing, let us say that Mr. Wells has painted with truly admirable skill and insight the glow, the exaltation, and the tenderness of first love. But upon the Traffords' marriage follow disillusion, bewilderment, misunderstanding, tribulation. Trafford, as we have seen, succumbs to the lure of scientific research. Marjorie drifts into frivolous interests. They recognize the danger, and as a spiritual cure they decide to revisit the scenes of their honeymoon journey in the Italian Alps. The cure succeeds:

Trafford seemed to have forgotten all the strain and disappointment of the past two years, to be amazed but in no wise incredulous at this enormous change in her and their outlook. He was now deeply in love with her again.

The influence of Alpine scenery and the luxuries of a millionaire's villa where the Traffords find themselves guests for a time continue the softening process. Away from suburban lectures and the fear of debt, Trafford begins to understand:

He had judged her fickle, impulsive, erratic, perhaps merely because her mind had followed a different process from his, because while he went upon the lines of constructive truth, her guide was a more immediate and instinctive sense of beauty. —He was very much alive to her now, and deeply in love with her.

Here you have a pretty complete statement of what we may call the spasmodic theory of love in marriage; and

when you come to analyze it, an oppressively vulgar theory it is. Our elders, after their commonplace, Philistine fashion, were not in the habit of exalting romantic love as the only foundation and justification of marriage. But in their own commonplace way they worked out a theory of love which for sweep and poetry renders the teachings of the modern romantics utterly cheap. They thought and spoke of love between husband and wife as a continuous process which, like every other process in the physical and spiritual world, is subject to the law of ebb and flow. They were not blind to the facts of life. When they wrote the history of a pair of married lovers they took into account the upheaval and subsidence of passion; they took into account such hard facts as temporary disillusionment, misunderstanding, hostilities, temporary regrets. But all these they viewed as isolated manifestations of a single rhythmic process which in its unity they called love.

Is it a mere question of difference in terminology, or is there a real difference of mind and heart indicated when people speak of love as a harmonic law of life or speak of it as a temporary appetite? To us it seems that the difference is a very real one. At any rate, that is our quarrel with Mr. Wells. In essentials, he seems to be returning to the older and deeper view of love in marriage; but he cannot rid himself of the formulas and phrases he has gathered in the field of modern speculation.

The Moth. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Bros.

Fifth Avenue and Newport are favorite stamping-grounds of current fiction. To breathe the upper airs of the Back Bay and the North Shore is a privilege less commonly (if less desirably) extended to the story-reader. Here are a group of people who are supposed to exist in that exclusive atmosphere. Their travels resemble Dr. Primrose's. They journey between Boston and Beverly as the Vicar between the blue bed and the brown. They have exquisite manners: "He was conscious of the impression he made and enjoyed it, but to prevent any suspicion of this from entering Lucy's head, he pulled a lavender silk handkerchief from his coat-sleeve and nonchalantly flicked at an imaginary speck upon his foot." At the same time they are reassuringly human. The gentleman of the lavender handkerchief, replacing that ornament in his sleeve, proceeds to mix a new cocktail known as "swizzle." "One goes a long ways, doesn't it?" remarks the delighted Lucy.

Lucy is the Moth, presented at first in the act of dancing about the flame of life. She has been married ten years, and has two children, but her desires are still those of sweet sixteen. She gives stag-parties, stands on the table,

and tells her guests that she "loves them every one." Life stretches before her as one prolonged "good time." Her husband is a good-for-nothing man of pleasure, at Lucy's expense, and there seems to be very little hope for her when, in due season, she meets her fate. But the author believes in a pleasant ending, and the story has that, at least.

The Lost World. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Your reviewer read the first instalments of this story in their serial form and was then halted by circumstances. He left Professor Challenger and his three comrades at the very point of attaining that unknown plateau in South America which has preserved the pterodactyl and dinosaur and other nightmare monsters from the Jurassic age (if the reviewer's geology is right). He can testify that it is rather painful to stop in the middle of the story. And now, having read the whole book, he can testify that the interest goes on increasing to the end.

To deal realistically with a theme of this kind requires no slight art. It would be easy enough to cram up a few books of geology and anthropology, and then imagine some way of getting a modern man back among the wild growths of the past; but to give the real thrill of living adventure to battles with flying elephants and ape-men is another matter. The creator of Sherlock Holmes has done this, and he has made the four adventurers in this lost world genuine men of distinct characters.

A DISTINGUISHED PUBLISHER.

George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir. Together with a Record of the Earlier Years of the Publishing House Founded by Him. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

The subject of this memoir died forty years ago. He was an important figure in his day, and it is strange that a full generation should have passed before these records were got together. To be sure, his memory has been embalmed in the firm name of the publishing house which he founded, but few of the present generation can have any but the vaguest notion as to the manner of man G. P. Putnam was. He was not among the great ones of his time, but he was among the good and useful ones, and his private character and public services should not be forgotten. The basis of the book is a memoir printed some ten years ago for circulation in the family. Such parts have been taken from the narrative as were of more general interest, and the personal story is supplemented by various letters and papers.

George Palmer Putnam was born in Maine, and was destined to be a New

Yorker, but he came of Massachusetts stock on both sides. His father was a Bostonian and a Harvard man, who broke down soon after his admission to the bar and retreated with his young wife to Brunswick, Me. Thereafter it seems to have been her duty not only to bear his children, but to support them. At eleven years, the fourth child, George, was apprenticed to a distant connection in Boston, a dealer in carpets. At fifteen something drew him to New York. Without prospect of finding anything in particular at the end of the voyage, he took passage on a fast schooner which made the journey round the Cape in a week. Chance and the "Want" columns gave him his first job in a little Broadway bookshop. The rest is the familiar story of the poor boy pushing steadily on against the tide towards an achievement far beyond the ordinary.

At that time (the early thirties) Boston was already somewhat in the lead as a publishing centre. The predecessors of Lippincott were established in Philadelphia, the Harpers were laying the foundations of their prosperity in New York (not always in the most scrupulous way, according to the present chronicler), and there was a considerable number of minor firms which existed largely by the issuance of reprints. In Boston, the chief houses were Allen & Ticknor, the forerunners of Ticknor & Fields, and Little & Brown, now Little, Brown & Co. The Jonathan Leavitt with whom young Putnam served for some time as clerk and messenger, dealt chiefly in theological and religious books, which were easier to get and easier to sell in the America of that day than any other literary home product. With him Daniel Appleton, founder of the firm of Appleton, was associated at the time; and when he presently set up for himself, among the stock to be divided was a book called "Chronology, an Introduction and Index to Universal History," by G. P. Putnam. The young clerk's salary was \$4.00 a week, but his duties kept him at the shop from early morning till nine or ten at night; his spare time, such as it was, he spent in reading. History especially interested him, and he began the "Index" at the age of fifteen, as an aid to his own studies. Three years later it was published, almost the first work of its kind in English.

But that little manual of dates was the first step in a long career of hard work and solid product. G. P. Putnam was one of the men—there are one or two to be found in every community—whom everybody counts on to do more than his share in whatever business he may be induced to connect himself with. He had a habit of being the working member of the numerous committees upon which such a man is bound to find himself. At twenty-three he be-

came secretary of the first American association for the establishment of an international copyright law; and his son dwells with special pride upon the fact that "in all the subsequent movements that were made on behalf of international copyright between 1837 and the time of his death in 1872, my father took an active part, while a considerable proportion of these copyright undertakings were initiated at his own instance and were conducted largely through his efforts." His zeal in this cause was plainly due to his sense of justice rather than to self-interest. Publishers of that day, both in America and in England, were incredibly indifferent to the principle involved in copyright. Publishing was a cutthroat game, and it was generally understood that the devil might as well take the hindmost. Yet from the moment when (in 1840) the firm of Wiley & Putnam entered the field, the junior partner declined to have anything to do with stolen books. "Irrespective of the protection or lack of protection afforded by the law, he held that authors should be left in full control of their own productions, and that political boundaries had no logical connection with the property rights of the producer." Against the less scrupulous usage of his rivals Mr. Putnam stuck to this principle to the end of his career as a publisher.

The same extreme conscientiousness—whether or not it derived from his New England blood—determined his attitude in all matters, public or private. Moral obligations involved in a business failure brought about by the crisis of 1857 were discharged as if they had been legal. The many philanthropic and political movements which engaged his interest were submitted to rigorous tests of right and wrong. On the other hand, it is clear that there was nothing forbidding or self-righteous in his nature. The long list of distinguished men and women whom he knew intimately bears witness to his human charm. His one act of clairvoyance as a publisher seems to have been his taking up of Washington Irving's works when the Philadelphia publisher judged them to be of no further value as an investment; and the affectionate relation between author and publisher which resulted, and which grew warmer with the years, was among the chief rewards of a useful life.

The Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins. Edited by L. C. Collins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2 net.

The late Professor Collins, like many greater men, paid the penalty for his versatility. He was a brilliant popular lecturer, a broad and thorough scholar, an intelligent and sometimes acute literary critic. But two tendencies which no doubt strengthened him as a popu-

larizer vitiated a good deal of his criticism, and sometimes led even his scholarship astray. One is his passion for seeking the moral everywhere; the other is his delight in the never-ending quest of the literary parallel. The pursuit of the parallel too often succeeds either in discovering parallel commonplaces or in developing a sort of literary strabismus which sees parallelism in the sides of a right angle. A striking example of these faults—a highly moral and entirely false parallel between the attitudes of Sophocles and Shakespeare towards suicide, from Professor Collins's "Studies in Shakespeare," has just been pointed out by J. H. Hanford in *Publications of the Modern Language Association*.

The core of the "Posthumous Essays" is a series of papers on great writers of the last century—Wordsworth as a Teacher, Emerson, Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson. Both of the faults which have been mentioned are conspicuous in these essays. The phrase "as a teacher" might appropriately have been affixed to all the titles instead of to one, for Professor Collins is constantly concerned with the didactic qualities of his subjects. The few literary judgments in the essays on Wordsworth and Emerson are taken over bodily, in some cases almost word for word, from Matthew Arnold. In the very essay from which Professor Collins borrows, Arnold has shown at some length that Wordsworth's philosophy is poetically of small account; yet Professor Collins can say, "It is difficult to understand Matthew Arnold's silence about the significance of Wordsworth's metaphysical philosophy"; and he, after expounding this philosophy, can predict that on account of it Wordsworth will ultimately be ranked above Milton and on an equality with Shakespeare. Tennyson interests Professor Collins because he grapples with the problem, "How are the grand central doctrines of Christianity to be reconciled with the facts of science?" Browning interests him because, like Bishop Butler, he teaches that "the moral government of God implies that we are in a state of trial with reference to a future world." The parallel with Butler is worked out in detail, and there are similar extended parallels with Lessing, and—save the mark!—with Montaigne. Professor Collins's parallel-hunting at its worst, however, can be more briefly illustrated by a quotation from the essay on Wordsworth:

When Chrysippus tells us that all ethical inquiries must start with considering the universal order and arrangement of the world, and that it is only by a study of Nature and of what God is that anything really satisfactory can be stated about good and evil, we see how near we are to Wordsworth; it is exactly

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

The vision of a critic who sees parallelism, much less identity, in these two lines of thought is indeed strangely distorted.

Besides these nineteenth-century essays, the volume contains a group of miscellaneous papers of very uneven value—a sympathetic sketch of Dr. Johnson, a rather commonplace defence of Burke's consistency, a lecture on Shakespearean theatres, an admirable study of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and a collection of "Curiosities of Popular Proverbs" in which Professor Collins's delight in parallelism finds legitimate scope. Beginning with Lord John Russell's happy definition of a proverb, "One man's wit and all men's wisdom," this is a veritable treasury of information as to the history of popular sayings. It may be remarked that "to make a virtue of necessity" is much older than Matthew Paris, the earliest source referred to by Professor Collins; it is used twice by St. Jerome, and was evidently proverbial in his time.

The lecture on "Shakespearean Theatres" is picturesque, but rather inaccurate. It would be unfair to hold Professor Collins responsible for slips in the statement of fact, since his son tells us in the preface that part of his task was "to put into shape passages which were little more than rough notes." But it is unfortunate that an author who was so severe upon others for such inaccuracies should be represented as saying that "the Fortune (Theatre) was erected about 1598," or that James Burbage "played all the great parts in Shakespeare." Besides such obvious errors, the essay contains a good many dogmatic assertions on disputed matters. Its inclusion in the volume seems a mistake.

The essay on Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft is, on the whole, the best of the series. Professor Collins skilfully outlines the characters and story of this remarkable pair, and gives an excellent summary of their doctrines. It is interesting to see in how many ways they anticipated movements which have grown powerful in our own time. Mary deserves more credit than she often gets as a pioneer of the woman's rights movement. Besides Godwin's revolutionary political teaching, his position with reference to marriage is almost identical with that of the most "advanced" modern theorists, such as Ellen Key. It is less generally known that he anticipated Mrs. Eddy. "He would contend," Mrs. Shelley tells us, "that death and disease existed only through the feebleness of man's mind, and—happy man!—that pain had no reality."

As a whole, although the "Posthumous Essays" will add nothing to Professor Collins's reputation, they will not seriously detract from it. With all their perversities of moralizing and parallel-

izing, they contain much that will interest every lover of literature.

The Work of Wall Street. By Sereno S. Pratt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75 net.

This work has a large scope. The author describes it as "an account of the functions, methods, and history of the New York money and stock markets." It is all that, and more. For Wall Street, like Saint Germain, is not a place, but a state. The term has both an objective and a subjective connotation. It implies the whole American field of material production and distribution, on the one side, and the whole American philosophy with reference to the largest utilization of that field, on the other. Wall Street represents things and the ways those things are regarded by the people who handle them.

Mr. Pratt discourses entertainingly and instructively on both of these aspects. He does not possess—few persons do—the broad vision, the capacity for subtle distinctions, the fluidity and flexibility of language, displayed by Walter Bagehot in "Lombard Street." He has, however, brought together a great array of facts gathered by long, painstaking, and many-sided observation, and has given them a relevancy which most persons unaided are quite likely to overlook.

The present work is an amplification and a recasting of a treatise on Wall Street issued in 1903. Much has happened since then, both in the way of industrial and economic transformation and in the way of public agitation for a new philosophy of speculation, to furnish a reason for this revision. The nation has passed through a great financial panic; the New York trust companies have been admitted to the Clearing House, and the Clearing House methods have been improved in various ways; improvements have been made in the New York Stock Exchange rules, among them one involving the abolition of the unlisted department; the question of combination or competition in the conduct of industry has been vigorously debated in and out of Congress; many important court decisions, notably by the United States Supreme Court, have been rendered in connection with the Sherman Anti-Trust law; the Monetary Commission has made a laborious study of the banking and currency question and has published a vast amount of valuable literature; the Railroad Securities Committee, headed by President Hadley of Yale University, has made an elaborate report on the principles which should govern the issuance of railway securities. No decade in American history has been more transforming than that which has elapsed since Mr. Pratt produced the first edition of the work before us.

This period has furnished much food for the reflection which has been put into the chapter on Investment, Speculation, and Gambling. If we restore the true meanings of these terms, we shall, says Mr. Pratt, promote sound thinking on some important subjects. Even the report of the Hughes Commission, admirable as it is in most respects, is, he adds, not altogether clear in the distinctions it makes between investment and gambling. While it shows conclusively the economic advantages of speculation, it reveals some confusion of thought which is likely to do harm in befogging the issues at stake. In saying that speculation may be wholly legitimate, or pure gambling, or may partake of the qualities of both, the report is far less accurate than in declaring that a distinction exists between speculation which is carried on by persons of means based on intelligent forecast and that which is carried on by persons without these qualifications. Speculation, contends our author, is never gambling, though the machinery, which is created to facilitate the operations of speculation, may be used by gamblers.

Speculation has no stancher defender than Mr. Pratt. Speculation, he declares, is a part of the great system of distribution to which credit and transportation belong—it performs in its way the same service for the world that credit and transformation do. It facilitates the process of distributing products to consumers. It is, in fact, a balance-wheel. That is, when it is the right kind of speculation, for while most of us must, with President Hadley, deplore the extent to which speculation is carried at the present day, we must also agree with him that there is a right kind of speculation which seems to be an absolute necessity for the successful and regular conduct of modern industrial life.

How are we to conserve this kind and destroy the other? Is it worth while to enact laws to prevent speculation in order to make gambling impossible? If it is not worth while, is it possible by new rules and regulations to destroy the opportunities for stock gambling while preserving the opportunities for speculation? The Hughes Commission frankly admitted the impossibility of distinguishing what is virtually gambling from legitimate speculation, and acted on the principle that exchanges can accomplish more than Legislatures. It recommended a number of changes in the New York Stock Exchange system, nearly all of which have been substantially adopted; but gambling goes on. Yet there are those who propose to enact laws to make speculation in stocks impossible, the consequences of which must, in Mr. Pratt's judgment, be disastrous.

Notes

From the Clarendon Press (Frowde) will come an historical grammar of the Welsh language by Prof. J. Morris Jones. Vol. I, which will be ready early next year, is concerned with phonology and accidence. The second and final volume is reserved for the syntax.

Putnams have among their autumn announcements two novels—"The Upas Tree," by Florence L. Barclay, and "Palmer's Green," by Stewart Caven—and a long list of miscellaneous books: "The Letters of Ulysses S. Grant," edited by his nephew, Jesse Grant Cramer; "The Woman Movement," by Ellen Key; "An Introduction to Metaphysics," by Henri Bergson, authorized translation by T. E. Hulme; "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," by A. C. Benson; "Swords and Ploughshares," a treatise on peace, by Lucia A. Mead; "The Personality of Napoleon" (Lowell Lectures, 1912), by J. Holland Rose; "Wayfarers in the Libyan Desert," by Francis Gordon Alexander and a collaborator; "De Orbe Novo—The Eight Decades of Peter Martyr D'Anghiera," translated from the Latin, with notes and introduction by Francis Augustus MacNutt; "Kings and Gods of Egypt," by A. Moret; "Roger of Sicily, and the Normans in Lower Italy (1016-1154)," by Edmund Curtis, and "Canute the Great, and the Rise of Danish Imperialism during the Viking Age," by Laurence M. Larson.

October 19 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin Co. for the publication of the following: "Pike County Ballads" by John Hay, holiday edition; "Billy Popgun," a fantastic tale of adventure by Milo Winter; "Around the Clock in Europe," by Charles F. Howell; "Prudent Priscilla," by May C. E. Wemyss; "The Young Minute-Man of 1812," by Everett T. Tomlinson; "Time and Change," essays by John Burroughs; "The American Mind," by Bliss Perry; "The Children of Light," by Florence Converse; "Villa Miraflore," a collection of poems by Frederic Crowninshield, and "Riverside Reader, VI," edited by James H. Van Sickle and others.

"Everybody's St. Francis," a forthcoming volume in the Century Company's list, is a life of the saint, by Maurice Egan, with illustrations in color, by Boutet de Monvel.

The Macmillan Company has now ready in fiction: "The Secret of the Clan," by Alice Brown; "Christmas," by Zona Gale; "Van Cleve," by Mary S. Watts; "The Stranger at the Gate," by Mabel Osgood Wright; Jack London's "The Call of the Wild," with illustrations in color and decorations by Paul Bransom, and "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, with illustrations in color.—Miscellaneous: "The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," put into modern English by Professor Tatlock and Percy MacKaye and illustrated with thirty-two full-page plates in color by Warwick Goble; the first two volumes of the Loeb Classical Library, being "Euripides, I and II," and "The Confessions of Saint Augustine, I"; "A Wanderer in Florence," by E. V. Lucas; "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint," by Father Bernard Vaughan; "The Business of Being a Woman," by Ida M. Tarbell; "Increasing Home Efficiency," by M. B. and R. W. Brûère;

"Economic Beginnings of the Far West," by Miss Coman; Stevens's "Industrial Combinations and Trusts"; Hershey's "The Essentials of International Public Law," and Munro's "The Government of American Cities."

The following are among the autumn books of the Chicago University Press: "The Courts, the Constitution, and Parties," by Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin; "Heredity and Eugenics," by John M. Coulter, William E. Castle, Edward M. East, William L. Tower, and Charles B. Davenport; "Questions on Shakespeare," by Prof. Albert H. Tolman; "The Minister and the Boy," by Prof. Allan Hoben; "The Ethics of the Old Testament," by Hinckley G. Mitchell, and "Old Testament Story," a teacher's manual and pupil's notebook, by Charles H. Corbett.

Duffield & Co.'s autumn list is conspicuous for its handsomely illustrated volumes for children. It includes: "The Poor Little Rich Girl," by Eleanor Gates; Boutet de Monvel's "Old Songs and Dances for Little Children," with translation into English verse; "Peterkin," by Gabrielle Jackson, with a frontispiece in color, by Maxfield Parrish; "Work and Play for Little Girls" and "Housekeeping for Little Girls"; "Musical Dates for Little Pates," by Isabel Stevens Lathrop, and "Ten Girls from History," by Kate Dickinson Sweetser.

Two titles are of special interest in Sturgis & Walton's announcements: "Constructive Rural Sociology," by John M. Gillette, and "Social Welfare in New Zealand: The Results of Twenty Years of Social Legislation, and Its Significance for the United States and Other Countries," by Hugh H. Lusk.

October publications of Little, Brown & Co. include three novels: "The Destroying Angel," by Louis Joseph Vance; "The Tempting of Tavernake," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "A Cry in the Wilderness," by Mary E. Waller.

Other announcements by the same house contain the following: A new edition of "The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Farnol, with twenty-four full-page illustrations in color, by C. E. Brock; "Romantic Days in the Early Republic," by Mary Caroline Crawford; "Woman in the Making of America," by H. Addington Bruce; "The Union of South Africa," by W. Basil Worsfold, being the fifth volume in the All Red British Empire series; "John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot," by Winnifred Fales; "In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion," by Maude M. Holbach; "Medoc Myths," by the late Jeremiah Curtin; "History of French Private Law," by J. Brisaud, in the Continental Legal History series; a new pocket edition of "The Romances and Travels of Théophile Gautier," "The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes," by Emile Olivier, and Gustaf Jansson's book of stories dealing with the Turco-Italian War, translated from the Swedish.

Four novels will come shortly from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co.: "The Soddy," a story of the Kansas plains, by Sarah Comstock; "Left in Charge," life in a rural parish of England, by Victor L. Whitechurch; "Object: Matrimony," by Montague Glass, and "Madame Mésange," by F. Berkely Smith.

The fifteenth and last volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia is announced by the Robert Appleton Company for publication this month.

The following are among Holt's immediate announcements: "The Montessori Mother," by Dorothy Canfield; "The Collectors," a volume of stories by Frank Jewett Mather, jr.; "The Home Book of Verse," by Burton E. Stevenson, and Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe," edited by Prof. William Madison Hervey.

"Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown" is the title of a book which Andrew Lang had about completed at the time of his death. It attempts to confute the Baconian hypothesis and also the theory that some unknown person of distinction was the author of the plays. The book will be issued by Messrs. Longmans in November.

We welcome a new edition, in one volume, of A. M. W. Stirling's "Coke of Norfolk, and His Friends" (Lane). Reviewing the first edition of this biography, the *Nation* said, April 23, 1908:

Altogether, the book may well engage the attention of him who wants to see English life of a century ago; and he will not fail to enjoy the character here revealed of what we, with a certain touch of fondness, are wont to style "a gentleman of the old school."

The Lippincott Company has an excellent edition of Rabelais in two volumes, showing good type, and being distinguished by numerous illustrations in which W. Heath Robinson has caught at least the animal, Falstaffian side of his author with notable gusto. But we must express astonishment that no prefatory advertisement is given of the character of the translation here reproduced. As the facts could be stated in a brief paragraph, one is at a loss to understand the reticence of the modern editor. As a matter of fact, this is, so far as we have examined, a very accurate copy *literatim* of the Urquhart-Motteux version of 1653, 1693, and 1694, whether taken directly from the *éditiones principes* or indirectly from the careful reprint of the Tudor Translations. Even the title pages of the present edition, besides jumbling together the statements of the ancient and the modern publishers, do not give all the information conveyed in the original of the former. Those who desire to read Rabelais in all the sins of his flesh should know that this is the best and fullest text in English, and that the first three books, from the pen of Sir Thomas Urquhart, are one of the miracles of translation.

We welcome the reprint which Thomas Y. Crowell Company has just issued of "The Complete Works of Robert Browning," with introductions and notes by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, and a general introduction by Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale. The twelve volumes—the same number as in the original issue of 1898—have been brought, by the use of Bible paper, to the compass of a pocket edition; this without sacrificing the appearance of the type, which is of excellent size, and does not show through the pages. Some of the photogravure frontispieces, made from paintings of such artists as Vandyke, Michael Angelo, and Burne-Jones, are truly choice.

An agreeable medley of garden lore and

philosophy at large is presented by Mary Ansell in the prettily illustrated book "The Happy Garden" (Cassell). On four acres at the edge of pine woods were contrived no less features than a lawn, a peat garden, a Japanese garden, a bridge, a toy river, and a pool. The whole by skilful meanders and vistas came to simulate great spaces. The conquest was a thoughtful one and interesting. Doubtless practical gardeners will find profit in the chronicle. A layman may profess himself unreconciled to the eclectic introduction of exotic sculpture into this British paradise. To point the gently Tory moral of the book, a belated Victorian wife and an ultra-modern spinster are amusingly conjured up. The tone of the author's well-sustained whimsicality recalls the incomparable Elizabeth; but the caustic note is absent. This entertaining book should make an acceptable gift for one who gardens either in fact or fancy.

R. F. Foster is favorably known to bridge players by former writings upon the game, and his latest book, "Royal Auction Bridge" (Stokes), will be welcomed as a practical guide to the game as commonly played now. The introduction of the declaration of "royal spades," or "Lilies," having a value only inferior to that of "no-trumps," has in many respects revolutionized the principles of the game, and Mr. Foster's aim in the present volume is to demonstrate how the double value attached to spades must influence the preliminary bidding. Mr. Foster has evidently adopted the new play *con amore* and regards the innovation as an immense improvement on the old game of auction. Concerning this point we have only space to remark that there is room for difference of opinion, and to many players the objection to "royal spades" will remain, that there seems no logical reason for according a double value to spades rather than to any or all of the suits. A further objection is found in the fact that the new declaration has limited very considerably the number of "no-trump" hands that are played, and the "no-trump" call is of the very essence of bridge. Granting the legitimacy of the innovation, however, Mr. Foster has given a lucid exposition of the principles involved by the new count.

Volumes creditable to British and American scholarship continue to appear in the International Critical Commentary (Scribner). The most recent is "The Book of Isaiah": Volume I, by Prof. George Buchanan Gray, of Mansfield College, Oxford. It contains an introduction (101 pages) and commentary on chapters i-xxvii. A second volume will include the commentary on the remainder of I Isaiah by the same author, and a treatment of chapters xl-lxvi, by Prof. Arthur S. Peake. Twenty years ago one of the heresy charges against Dr. Briggs, who is the American editor of this series, was that he held to a double authorship of Isaiah. It is now generally recognized, however, that not even the first half of the prophecy is a unity, but that considerable portions of the earlier chapters are not from the hand of the great prophet who received his call in the year that King Uzziah died. The tendency has been to undervalue the non-Isaian sections. It is a merit of Dr. Gray that he seeks to do justice to the large portions which cannot be attributed to Isaiah

and to exhibit their significance in the development of Hebrew religion. He maintains that the term "genuine" is misleading as applied to passages in a book which has been shown to be a compilation from widely separated ages. The composite character of the book has been so clearly demonstrated that it is not safe to reckon a section as Isaian only because no clear evidence to the contrary appears; the opposite is true; evidence of Isaian authorship must be sought in each section, and the authorship of many portions must be left undetermined. It is Dr. Gray's frank recognition of this fact, and his fresh study of many portions of undetermined age and authorship, which render his commentary an advance upon all previous studies of Isaiah by English students. Another volume of the series contains commentaries on Micah, Zephaniah, and Nahum, by Dr. John Marlin Powis Smith, of the University of Chicago; Habakkuk, by Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the *Independent*, and Obadiah and Joel, by Prof. Julius A. Bewer, of the Union Theological Seminary.

In "The Charterhouse of London" (Dutton), W. F. Taylor tells anew the story of that famous foundation in its three successive stages, as Carthusian convent, as palace, and as school and hospital for pensioners. The Gothic fabric itself, made so familiar by Thackeray as the "Greyfriars" in "The Newcomes," serves to maintain the unity of a story that is full of vicissitudes, and throughout Mr. Taylor makes us feel the spell of old walls and pillars, of archways and quiet cloisters, even as he himself has felt it. The greater portion of the book is devoted to the first period, from the time of the foundation of the convent, in 1371, on the site of a plague burial ground, to its dissolution under Henry VIII; and these chapters are historically of the greatest value and interest. In the main, the history of the austere order founded by St. Bruno has been an uneventful one. No other "religion" has proved so consistently true, in letter and in spirit, to the principles of its founder; on this account, perhaps, it has avoided many of the trials, from within as from without, that have beset other monastic orders. The most stirring chapter in its annals is that which is told here, sympathetically but without partiality, and which relates to the heroic stand made by the London house against Henry VIII and his Machiavellian Vicar-General, Cromwell. For five years, despite every kind of persuasion, the monks, with but one or two exceptions, steadfastly refused to take the oath repudiating the Pope as "Christ's Vicar on Earth," and in that time eighteen of them, headed by their Prior, John Houghton, suffered martyrdom. The King won in the end, as was inevitable, and the convent became the prey of successive spoilers, until its purchase by Sir Edward North, when it entered on a brilliant period of its history as a noble's palace. From the North family it passed to the Howards, and finally to the wealthy merchant, Thomas Sutton, by whose will the Charterhouse was refounded as a hospital for the aged and the maimed and a school for the sons of poor parents. Mr. Taylor has done full justice to an inspiring theme. His facts are admirably marshalled and clearly expressed, and he quotes freely from the contemporary authorities.

An exceeding neatness is the most striking characteristic of Brander Matthews's "Gateways to Literature and Other Essays" (Scribner). This uniformity of surface somewhat disguises a peculiar inequality of texture. When neatness is wedded to shrewdness, as it is in perhaps half the essays, we have a marked degree of critical excellence. One may doubt if, within brief space, anything better could be said about Poe than Mr. Matthews says in his centenary address. This is the high-water mark of the volume, the single point where it rises to the high critical level as defined by the author. Just and stimulating are the essays on "Familiar Verse," "The Duty of Imitation," "In Behalf of the General Reader." The address on James Fenimore Cooper is handled with tact, though the eulogy seems a bit forced. An obituary notice of Bronson Howard is a fine example of deft and sincere journalism. What surprises a reader of these essays is the odd way in which the prevailing neatness lapses into a kind of complacent futility. It is hard to recognize the author of "Poe's Cosmopolitan Fame" in, for example, the essay called "The Devil's Advocate." It is a thin buzzing of protest against the repute of Dr. Johnson, Ruskin, and Carlyle, apparently because their literary habits were not quite gentle and neat. The address on "The Economic Interpretation of Literary History," on the whole a suggestive paper, is quite vague in its reading of the leading term, economic. Again, the essay on "French Poets and English Readers" arrives at the commonplace conclusions that our Teutonic vocabulary has deeper poetic associations, which is probably untrue for constant readers of French verse, while the rhythm of French verse is too slight and subtle to content English ears. All of which comes to saying rather elaborately that few Englishmen know French well enough to grasp the quality of French poetry. Again, he attempts to prove a wide and clear gulf between literary criticism and book reviewing quietly ignores the fact that a large portion of the best criticism was merely superior book reviewing in its day. In fact, Mr. Matthews seems to reduce book reviewing to the news noticing of books. Frequently in these essays there is an odd disparity between the precision of the style and the vagueness of both definitions and ideas. One leaves the book with something between surprise and irritation that one who can be so shrewd and just a critic seems often contented merely to chatter. At least the chatter is well bred and diverting, though the author gives an uncomfortable sense of being most at his ease in his more futile moments. A little devil's advocacy towards his own works would deeply oblige numerous admirers of his real and always companionable talent.

Mr. Bryan's letters from Chicago and Baltimore to a number of newspapers have been put into a book by Virgil V. McNitt, with the title "A Tale of Two Conventions" (Funk & Wagnalls). There is as much of Bryan as of the conventions in the "tale." This fact is accentuated by the addition to the letters as they were first published, of an editor's preface on "Mr. Bryan as a Newspaper Correspondent," an introduction by the Nebraskan, and the reproduction of a number of cartoons relating to his newspaper activities at Chicago and his

political activities at Baltimore. While the volume contains the platforms of the three important conventions, and some of the notable speeches given at them, it cannot be highly praised as an account of the proceedings. Naturally, the noted correspondent left the routine story of each day's happenings to less famous hands, and spent his energy upon the broad outlines of the unfolding drama. This was proper enough, but what one wants in the way of a reference book is facts and figures, not rhetoric or ethical disquisitions. Mr. Bryan's volume does not contain a single table, it does contain, apparently, all of its author's speeches at Baltimore. From this general criticism should be excepted one interesting computation found in a footnote, that of the number of telegrams received by delegates to the Baltimore Convention "from home," which are supposed to have played an important part in the nomination of Wilson:

These telegrams were so numerous that an effort was made to ascertain just how many there were. About 115,000 messages are known to have been received by delegates. Some were signed by many persons. Mr. Bryan himself received 1,123 telegrams from 31,331 persons in forty-six States

Science

William Wallace Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, is bringing out, through the Yale University Press, his lectures delivered on the Silliman Foundation in 1909-1910. The book bears the title, "Stellar Motions."

The same press will issue "Irritability," by Prof. Max Verworn.

Fannie Merritt Farmer is bringing out, through Little, Brown & Co., "A New Book of Cookery."

As agents for the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce: "The Method of Archimedes" (recently discovered by Heiberg), a supplement to the "Works of Archimedes," 1897, edited by Sir Thomas L. Heath, and "Analytical Geometry," a first course, by C. O. Tuckey and W. A. Naylor.

"Stuttering and Lipping" are discussed by Dr. E. W. Scripture in a book announced by Macmillan.

"Prevention and Cure" (Dutton), by Eustace Miles, treats a great variety of conditions (fatigue, old age, kidney troubles, hurry, and nearly a score more) which are mostly not diseases in a very definite sense. On these subjects the author gives much and varied advice, in which fact and fancy are freely mingled; advocating many restrictions of diet; he has some special ideas about exercise and physical culture. He also incidentally manifests a kindly feeling for many "isms" and their founders. Mr. Miles not many years ago had a considerable reputation in several forms of athletics, but now he busies himself with the problems of health as it concerns the individual. Besides inventing many things, as far as part as chair-rests and "safety-fryers," and publishing restaurant recipes and a system of physical culture, he is the principal of a "normal physical school" and the manager of the "Eustace Miles Restaurant (Proteid

Foods, Limited)." He also edits a magazine called *Healthward Ho!* and lectures at his "salons in Chandos St." and elsewhere. This book is in part made up of such lectures in which he tried to attract hearers by considering some definite ailments rather than health in general, and found that larger audiences came to listen to him. His main contention seems to be that besides a general cultivation of cheerfulness, it is desirable to practice simple exercises and deep breathing, and to give up flesh foods, for which may be profitably substituted the proteid food called "emprote" and the "training biscuit," such as his company apparently prepares and sells.

G. Stanley Hall's "Founders of Modern Psychology" (Appleton) is an "amplification" of six lectures upon Zeller (who would doubtless be surprised to find himself among the "founders of modern psychology"), Lotze, Fechner, Von Hartmann, Von Helmholtz, and Wundt—these being the giants of the writer's student days in Germany, a generation or more ago. The meaning of "amplification" would furnish an interesting summer problem in textual criticism. We may guess that it consisted in interpolating between the biographical sketch and the critical estimate which constituted each original lecture, and which were carefully and well written, an indefinite amount of perfunctory digest of works and running commentary, more or less from the lecturer's "barrel"; and it is only polite to assume that the task of making the book was entrusted to an assistant—who did not know that the commentator of Kant is not Veihinger, that the mediæval mystic was not Eckehart—and many such; nor that it was Diogenes Laertius who wrote "The Lives of the Philosophers," and not Diogenes who wrote "Laertius" (pp. 45, 50); nor, again, that Von Hartmann and Nietzsche are both dead and that Nietzsche, "the brilliant philosopher," renudated his endorsement of Wagner long before his death. For, while the present tense in the criticism of Von Hartmann (206) might conceivably be historical, it seems clear that the page on Nietzsche (210) cannot have been read by the author since he wrote it, say, twenty-five years ago. By such workmanship an attractive design for a volume of biographical essays is spoiled in the execution. Nor has the author's personal acquaintance with his subjects counted for much towards making their portraits intimate and familiar. Apparently he has few advantages over those who know them only through their works. Yet, from this point of view, it will be admitted that his estimates of the men are, on the whole, sound and just, and it is a pity that such excellent critical work should be buried under a mass of slipshod "amplification."

Dr. James J. Walsh of Fordham University is already well known for his interesting contributions to the history of medicine and for his insistence that the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church has been more favorable to scientific research than some other writers have declared it to be. His last book, "Old-Time Makers of Medicine" (Fordham University Press), deals with the students and teachers of medical science in the Middle Ages or for about a thousand years before the discovery of America. The material has been largely gleaned

from other writers, who have made special studies in this field. Dr. Walsh makes no claim to have attempted original research in this direction, and has already used much of the substance of the book in occasional addresses and other publications, but the reader will easily see that he has much more than a mere compilation before him. The author seeks to show that the medical knowledge, or more particularly the surgery, of this period was far less crude and unscientific than it is commonly supposed to have been, and that much now regarded as very modern and commendable was already known in those days and then forgotten. Many things are brought forward to demonstrate that even in surgery the sun shines on nothing new. The careful reader, however, will still feel sure that modern medicine is richer and better than that of early times, and will recognize that the entire structure of medical progress rests now on a different and much firmer foundation and one infinitely more promising for further advance.

What Dr. Walsh's book does show, and what it is well worth while for the modern man to know and appreciate, is the fact that the men of these darker times, and many women, too, did not live in utter darkness, blind followers of vague traditions and methods, but were often as keen and progressive as the best of the moderns. It is easy, however, to magnify their insight and to attribute to them ideas and purposes which they did not really have, and which only the knowledge of much later times could make possible. What is said about anaesthesia, antiseptics, and dentistry easily leads to an exaggerated estimate of their attainments. To say, for example, that "very little has been added to the microscopic anatomy of the teeth since Eustachius's time" is surely misleading. Incidentally, the book carries much biographical detail, and in the appendix touches other points, as the question of St. Luke the physician and the real character of the early universities. Dr. Walsh promises another volume on "Our Forefathers in Medicine," which shall treat of Paracelsus, Vesalius, Servetus, Sylvius, and other worthies of the next period, the sixteenth century, a time of great importance and the deepest interest, the early period of modern medicine.

Drama

The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats. Vol. II, Dramatic Poems. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2 net.

This volume contains half a dozen of the best known of Mr. Yeats's plays, all of which are in the repertory of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Wholly apart from their dramatic value, which is not inconsiderable, they have a special significance as constituting a solid foundation for a national drama. Mr. Yeats, Mr. Synge, Lady Gregory, and a few more Irish enthusiasts, strong in the kind of faith that is manifested in works, have given reality to an enterprise which in England and America has taken shape only in the domain of

dreams. It is a remarkable accomplishment, carrying with it the obvious lesson that the best assurance of ultimate fulfilment lies in an actual beginning, however small that beginning may be.

The history of the Irish National Theatre is too well known to all persons interested in such subjects to need relation here. Of the pieces in this book two only, "The Countess Kathleen" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," are familiar to theatregoers in this country. The others, "The Shadowy Waters," "On Baile's Strand," "The King's Threshold," and "Deirdre," have been known here only in their printed form. All of them now appear in new guise, having been partly reconstructed and largely rewritten. They are better adapted than before to theatrical representation and far richer in literary beauty and imagination.

But the main object of this notice is to direct attention not so much to the plays—whose peculiar merits were recognized long ago—as to certain pregnant matter in Mr. Yeats's "Appendix IV," enunciating the principles of the Irish National Theatre Society. In this he touches upon some of the most potent causes of the decadence of the modern theatre. When he first began working, he says, upon the Celtic Renaissance, he perceived that there was still even in English a sufficient audience for song and speech. He saw that the theatre was a natural centre for a tradition of feeling and thought, but that, to succeed, it must have the appeal of oratory. This meant that he had to create a theatre of speech, romance, and extravagance. He had to get nearer to human life and instinct—to which, it may be added, nothing is much more foreign or antagonistic than much of the so-called naturalism of to-day. So he looked for the mainspring of his art in speech, where the players of Shakespeare found it, whether in the mimicry of peasant talk, or in that idealized utterance in which poets express what men think but do not say. He aspired to exercise once more the spell of musical language. Often, he says, he has wondered, when listening to some excellent man reading a poetic passage, what meaning poetry could have for the majority of mortals. "There is no poem so great that a fine speaker cannot make it greater, or that a bad ear cannot make it nothing." Truer word was never spoken. The contemporary theatre, he goes on to argue, in its elaboration, develops the player at the expense of the poet, and the scenery at the expense of the player, always specializing more and more, doing what is easiest at the expense of what is most noble, and creating a theatrical instead of a vital and human excitement. And he might have said further that it is just because of this substitution of the theatrically unreal for universal realities—the mocker-

ies of life that momentarily intoxicate and then sicken—that the theatre has become a synonym for furious or vulgar futility. The moral should be taken to heart also in the Irish Theatre.

Mr. Yeats is not always logical. That, perhaps, under the circumstances, is a virtue which ought not to be expected of him. He is right enough in saying that the functions of the reciter and the actor are not identical. But they are not, as he seems to suppose, always and inevitably separated by an artistic gulf. The illustration which he quotes in support of his argument—the recitation of Hood's "Eugene Aram," presumably by Henry Irving—is peculiarly unhappy. He could see in that remarkable achievement nothing but a young man in evening dress who had become unaccountably insane. And yet, by general critical agreement, there has rarely been a more convincing demonstration of the power of a great actor to create a vivid illusion, without the aid of theatrical paraphernalia, by means of voice, gesture, and facial expression. As a matter of fact, recitation is an integral part of the art of acting. In poetic drama, in the case of the Ghost in "Hamlet," for instance, as in many of Mr. Yeats's own characters, the actor must perforce become the accomplished reciter if he is to produce the designed effect. Mr. Yeats says of the reciter that "he may speak to actual notes as a singer does, if they are so simple that he never loses the speaking voice, and if the poem is long he must do so, or his own voice will become weary and formless." This applies with equal force to the actor of poetic parts, and it is largely because the modern player does not know how to voice the melody of blank verse—which he grinds out in a monotonous sing-song—that Shakespeare can no longer be interpreted fittingly. It is time that our theatrical reformers should be reminded that there may be as much potential truth in purely imaginative works as in photographic realism, and that the almost illimitable scope of the ideal stage includes the cultivation of a refined public taste among its possibilities. The art of speech, one of its most important faculties, is perishing of neglect. Mr. Yeats, whose plays prove that his ears are delicately attuned to the music of words and phrases, hopes to revive it. It is a noble ambition, and the success of the Irish Theatre is sufficient proof that it is not entirely visionary.

"The Presentation of Time in the Elizabethan Drama" (Yale Studies in English, XLIV; Henry Holt & Co.), by Mable Buland, is a useful monograph. The main subjects of discussion are dramatic condensation of time and "double time," as it is called—that is, the adoption of two inconsistent time-schemes within the same drama. The latter, as Miss Buland remarks, is really a corollary of the former.

Having accepted the one convention, the theatre-goer or reader finds little difficulty in accepting the other—in fact, is rarely conscious of the employment of double time. This latter convention, if we may so term it, was first pointed out in Shakespeare's plays by Nicholas Halpin and John Wilson some sixty years ago—in "Othello" it is especially manifest—but Miss Buland shows by her analyses that it is observable also in nearly all the Elizabethan dramatists—once at least even in the classicist, Jonson. How far these dramatists themselves were conscious of it is uncertain. Shakespeare's use of it, however, is so definite that it is hard to believe that he did not deliberately adopt this dramatic device. One time-scheme is that naturally required by the action, the other is adopted for the impression of dramatic rapidity. Miss Buland says generally of Shakespeare's handling of time:

The methods of Shakespeare in representing time are distinguished from those of his predecessors by the concreteness of his allusions to hours and days, by the appearance of close continuity in the succession of his scenes, and by the frequency with which the phenomenon of double time occurs in his plays.

Besides detailed time-analyses of a large number of representative Elizabethan plays, the appendices include notes on the time-element in the Greek tragedians and in Aristophanes. Here, as, for example, in the "Oedipus at Colonus" and Euripides's "Suppliants," there is dramatic condensation of time—especially in connection with the chorus—although no double time apparently, owing to the simple structure of plot. Miss Buland passes over Plautus and Terence with a few words and dismisses the Greek New Comedy in a single sentence. But it is interesting to observe in the latter, to judge by the extant fragments (more extensive than Miss Buland seems aware of) and by the Latin comedy derived from it, that the monologue, which took the place of the chorus of earlier tragedy and comedy, inherited from it the convention of indefinite length of time; during its recitation (as in the case of the chorus) hours might be supposed to have elapsed. Moreover, Plautus's "Captivi," based, of course, on a production of the New Comedy, offers a distinct example of double time. In the course of this play Philocrates makes the voyage from Aetolia to Alis and back which would require several days, yet the speeches of other characters near the end of the play imply that the action has lasted only a day.

No doubt "The Daughter of Heaven," by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, has in the French more literary distinction than is apparent in the English version (Duffield & Co.), made by Ruth Helen Davis. However this may be, the English form makes it clear that the French play is a tragic romance of uncommon imaginative and dramatic quality, with high ideals of love and patriotism, a powerful climax, and a poignant and sympathetic catastrophe. How far it is in accordance with historical fact is not a matter of moment. Much of it, certainly, is pure fiction, but it is thoroughly oriental in atmosphere, and doubtless reflects with accuracy certain phases of Chinese character and spirit.

The play tells how a certain Manchu Emperor, inexpressibly weary of his secluded and impotent grandeur in his Pe-

king palace, leaves a dummy prince to act as his substitute, while he goes in disguise to woo the Chinese Empress, who holds her rebel state in Nanking. He falls in love with her, and she with him; but before he can declare his passion the Manchu armies, acting under orders given in his absence, bring fire and slaughter to the gates of the Empress's palace. Compelled to flee, he presently, having assumed command of his troops, returns as an envoy offering peace and pardon, but she, inspired by ancestral devotion, prefers death to submission, and prepares to die with the few survivors of her soldiers. Nevertheless, he is enabled to capture her, and convey her to Peking, where he implores her to become his Empress, and thus inaugurate lasting peace between the rival dynasties. But she, while confessing her love, resolutely refuses to outrage the spirits of her ancestors by union with a Tartar, and he, despairing, but reverencing her loyal piety, supplies her with poison that she may win the death she craves. Then he summons his court to do homage to her dead body. In its closing scenes, the play is tragedy of a high and moving sort, while its earlier acts vary romantic intrigue and patriotic sentiment with effective incident.

After a year's preparation, another English version of this piece, ascribed to "George Egerton," has been produced in the Century Theatre, upon a scale of great spectacular magnificence, with what can only be described as disastrous results. The pictures are extraordinarily fine, and in all material details indisputably characteristic. Much thought and money must have been expended upon them. But no indication of elaborate forethought is apparent in the acting, which is so commonplace and—in spite of such traditional Orientalisms as were revealed in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado"—Occidental, that all the finer exotic flavor of the piece, to say nothing of its subtler significances, is lost, the general representation never rising above the level of pictorial melodrama. Moreover, a stirring story becomes dull and tedious, through the utter inability of the players to deal with dialogue demanding some exercise of interpretative imagination. It is incredible that Pierre Loti, who knows his East, as the play itself proves, could have expressed, as has been reported, his enthusiastic delight in a representation so utterly conventional and uninspired. The inevitable result of it upon the ordinary spectator will be wonderment that an author of his repute—Judith Gautier, of course, has been less widely advertised—could be responsible for a play so pretentious and so shallow. The few who listen, and do not only look—who use their brains and ears as well as their eyes—will appreciate the fact that it is full of noble national aspiration, keen characterization, and poetic fancy. If the management had spent upon the actors a tenth of the money paid for the spectacle, they might have achieved something worth doing. Now they have only succeeded in giving a brilliant panorama, and covering a notable work with discredit.

The repute of several of the most advanced of modern dramatists rests largely upon the ridiculous assumption that a disregard of decent conventions is necessarily a sign of genius. It was some notion of

this sort, probably, that induced Winthrop Ames to produce a more or less expurgated version, by Granville Barker, of Arthur Schnitzler's "The 'Affairs' of Anatole" in his Little Theatre. The result is not valuable either as an exposition of Schnitzler, whose dialogue must have lost much of its peculiar savor in translation, or as a contribution to modern dramatic art. The pretence that the piece, in its present shape, reveals any new view of life or its philosophy and is entitled to special credit on that account, is insupportable. Its chief merit, for stage purposes, is an undesirable frankness in dealing with notorious and widespread conditions in the relations of the sexes, its general motive being the humor of mutual infidelity. In its present shape it is a sordid show, whose insistence upon one theme becomes depressing, and whose few brighter moments are powerless to counteract its disagreeable features. The acting is indifferent, but the mounting is exquisite. Apparently the artistic theatre is still a long way off.

The old Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, London, which has sheltered some famous players in its time, is about to disappear. It was there, in 1856, that Ellen Terry made her first appearance on the stage. The house was then under the management of Charles Kean, and her part was that of Mamilia in "The Winter's Tale." Many public favorites of past years had been in some way identified with the famous theatre. George Vining ruled there for years, and it was there that Dion Boucicault won his earliest triumphs as playwright and actor. Mrs. Langtry was seen there in "Antony and Cleopatra"; Miss Grace Hawthorne played in "A Royal Divorce"; several of Mr. Hall Caine's melodramas were played there; Charles Warner made his great hit in "Drink," and Wilson Barrett triumphed in "The Silver King."

Music

From Mendelssohn to Wagner. The Memoirs of J. W. Davison. Compiled by Henry Davison. London: William Reeves.

It can hardly be said that Henry Davison has done his father a service by compiling and publishing this account of his life. James William Davison was the musical critic of the London Times for four decades (beginning with 1846), and for many years he was also a regular contributor to England's leading musical paper and to several prominent literary periodicals. As such, he wielded an influence second to that of few writers in any department of journalism. In his days, the Times's power was great. The leading European composers, especially Meyerbeer, Rossini, Auber, Gounod, were flattering in their politeness to its musical critic. Singers and players bowed to the ground before him. Berlioz begged him to be kind to his protégés; Théophile Gautier, in commending a singer in whom he was interested, implored him to "make her fortune with three lines." With his un-

equalled opportunities Davison might have done a great deal to hasten the progress of musical appreciation not only in London, but throughout England, for as one artist wrote to him, "Do not forget, I pray you, how far your paper goes, and how much especially the provincial towns are wholly influenced by your opinion." Unfortunately, his attitude usually was that of depreciation of the best contemporary art; and while he was by no means so well-informed or so brilliant and witty as Dr. Hanslick, his influence on England was as unfortunate in its results as Hanslick's was in Austria and Germany.

It seems strange that a journal so ably edited as was the *London Times* should have tolerated on its staff a critic who could write such ignorant rubbish as the statement that Richard Wagner regarded "every musician, ancient and modern, himself excepted, as either an impostor or a useless blockhead"; or dismiss the "Tannhäuser" overture as "a commonplace display of noise and extravagance." Schumann fared almost as badly. Davison found his music "incoherent and thoroughly uninteresting." In Schumann, as his son tells us, "he saw the representative of a movement which threatened to upset the old order of things," and against his music he set his face from the beginning, though it had to struggle against heavy odds in making any headway at all in England. Verdi, Italy's greatest genius, did not please the *Times* critic, and Meyerbeer, too, fared none too well with him. Chopin was beyond his comprehension: "Compared with Berlioz, Chopin was a morbidly sentimental flea by the side of a furiously roaring lion" and "a great musical thinker." As for Gounod, he did not admire even his "Faust." There was some ground for the belief that Davison had kept his music out of England as long as he could, notwithstanding that Frenchman's diplomatic efforts to get into touch with him.

By far the most interesting pages in this volume are those in which Gounod's correspondence with Davison is printed. Gounod lived several years in London, where he had his own choir and concerts, as well as a periodical devoted to his cause. Davison having written that he should highly prize his friendship, Gounod in reply called his attention to the fact that that friendship was only five minutes' walk distant, and would be delighted to open its doors to him; but Davison retorted that he lived rather like a bear in his den and went nowhere. Later on, Gounod slyly endeavored to interest the bear by asking to see some of his compositions, which Sir Julius Benedict had told him included some "superb sonatas." This evoked a lengthy reply in which the critic acknowledged that he had perpetrated some music in a former period, but that he had bought the plates and given

them to his brother, "who used the other side of them to print some compositions worse even than mine (which is saying a good deal), but which, on the other hand, were very popular." In a postscript he adds that one of his friends had written these lines on him:

There was a J. W. D.
Who thought a composer to be,
But his muse wouldn't budge
So he set up as judge
Over better composers than he.

It was unwise of Gounod to annoy the powerful critic by analyzing some scores of his idol, Sir Julius Benedict, and showing up "impossible" things in them; admitting, also, that he had been bored consummately by the same composer's "Maid of Orleans." In another letter he says: "You implore me not to become Wagnerized! Do I show any signs? I should very much like to be informed: I would call in a doctor at once, in order to be Wag-cinated." There are German musicians, he declares, "whose music is fit for the dust-bin, like their systems of philosophy." But Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, were among his idols:

I was fourteen when, for the first time, I was thrilled with happiness at hearing, in the same winter, the Pastoral Symphony and the Ninth Symphony. . . . You mention "Don Giovanni!" Ah! ah! *There is the Divine*. The trio in A major coming after the little quarrel in G at the beginning of the second act is the most absolute marvel in the art of music. You might burn every score in the world, and, with that single piece saved, all art would be found again.

Davison's indifference or aversion included some of the leading singers and players. He was unable to discover in Liszt and Rubinstein anything deeper than brilliant virtuosi. "One Liszt is amusing enough; and one Rubinstein may be tolerated; but a swarm of Liszts and Rubinsteins, mushroom and full-grown, is no more to be desired than a renewal of the plague of locusts." Davison's attitude towards music is summed up in this sentence from a note to Macfarren: "I'd rather go to the devil with Bennett and Dussek than go to heaven with Rubinstein and Raff." It is for mediocrities like Bennett and Dussek, and the man to whom this note was addressed, that the *Times* critic usually reserved his enthusiasm. Great singers—among them Albani and Gerster—did not fare well at his hands, and it was on such occasions that he was himself subjected to criticism. The editor of the *Times*, J. T. Delane, seldom called him to account except on matters of style or policy, or for being too late with copy; but his colleague, Mowbray Morris, had opinions of his own on matters musical and the duty of critics which he expressed in frequent notes, some of which must have proved rather irritating. Once Morris wrote:

It is not, in my opinion, within the province of a newspaper critic to sit in judg-

ment on the general merits of performers, or to assign them their respective places in the ranks of fame. It is his business to give a plain and honest judgment of what he sees and hears on each particular occasion, leaving the public to make their own comparisons and draw their own conclusions.

While we must repeat that Mr. Davison has not done his father a service by issuing this account of his ideals, his idols, and his aversions, it is nevertheless apparent, from what has been said about the book, that it contains a considerable amount of interesting material, including letters from eminent composers, such as Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Bennett, and others, some of them in facsimile. The title of the book is partly justified, in so far as, after Davison's acceptance of the post of *Times* critic, the story of his career is the story of music in England from the time when Mendelssohn reigned supreme to that when Wagner made his way. In favor of Davison it may finally be said that, although, as his son points out, "he combated the new ideas to the last, when to do so had become a losing fight," he nevertheless began to see light when he went to Bayreuth in 1876 to write up the Nibelung festival. His account of this festival is printed in this volume, together with a number of his other writings; they confirm the impression that he owed his fame and power very much more to his being a member of the *Times* staff than to any special critical or literary ability. His successor was Dr. Hueffer, the great champion of Wagner and Liszt. One cannot but think that, had he been in Davison's place two decades sooner, musical progress in England would have been accelerated greatly.

The Metropolitan Opera season begins this year as early as November 11, and will last twenty-three weeks. There will be the usual Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evening; and Saturday afternoon performances, besides a certain number of representations at popular prices on Saturday evenings. "Parsifal" will be sung repeatedly, and there will be an afternoon Nibelung cycle. The conductors will be Toscanini, Hertz, Sturani, and Polacco. Besides the operas usually on the list, there are named a dozen novelties and revivals: Boito's "Mefistofele," Damrosch's "Cyrano," Leroux's "Cheminéau," Mascagni's "Iris," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," Moussorgsky's "Boris Goudonoff," Mozart's "Magic Flute," Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann," Puccini's "Manon Lescault," Rossini's "Tell," Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," Wolf-Ferrari's "Suzanna's Secret." The ballets to be given are "Coppelia," by Delibes, and "Javotte," by Saint-Saëns.

The New York concerts of the Kneisel Quartet will be given at the new Aeolian Hall. The series will open on November 12, the remaining dates being December 10, January 14, February 11, March 4, and April 8. The arrangement of seats in the new hall

differs somewhat from that of Mendelssohn Hall, but subscribers have been placed as nearly as possible in their former locations. Those who had seats in the balcony of Mendelssohn Hall, who were assigned at the back of the orchestra at the Hotel Astor last year, will now be placed more advantageously in the balcony.

Edgar Stillman Kelley is to be represented on the programmes of the Liszt festival to be given at Sonderhausen during the third week of this month, his quartet having been chosen for performance by the committee.

Art

Holt promises shortly F. Weltenkamp's "American Graphic Art."

Helen Churchill Candee's "The Tapestry Book" is in the press of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Two works in art are among the announcements made by Putnam for the Cambridge University Press—"An Account of Medieval Figure-Sculpture in England," by Edward S. Prior, and "A Bibliographical List Descriptive of Romano-British Architectural Remains in Great Britain," by Arthur H. Lyell.

"Medieval Church Architecture in England," by Charles H. Moore, is in the press of Macmillan.

The Century Co. is bringing out this month "By-Paths in Collecting," by Virginia Robie, and "Prints and Their Makers," a collection of essays on engravers and etchers from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, written by various hands and edited by Fitz Roy Carrington.

Corrado Ricci, in his "Baroque Architecture and Sculpture in Italy" (Dutton), offers a book of great interest. It contains no less than 274 beautiful photographic plates illustrative of an admirable introduction, which covers less than nine pages, but which shows in every line the value of the author's training. The "Baroque" is still a term of opprobrium, as the "Gothic" was originally; but our author shows that the architectural works of the period harmonized thoroughly with the spirit of the age, and that many of them were of great and enduring value. That its leading architects could, when it seemed to them appropriate, lay aside the effort to surprise, which, as our author says, was so clear an aim among all artists of the era, is evidenced in the Colonnade of St. Peter's in Rome, by Bernini, and the Church of S. Maria della Salute at Venice, and by Longhena, to mention no other works.

Julius Baum's "Romanesque Architecture in France" (Dutton) is a work of the same general character in another field. The 226 photographic plates are exceptionally fine, and are again illustrative of the author's introduction. This is devoted to a brief but interesting and valuable review of the influences which led to the development of the Romanesque and Gothic styles, in relation to the latter of which, however, our author, with true loyalty, discerns much more influence from Teutonic sources than is generally accepted.

In "Modern Cottage Architecture" (Lane), Maurice B. Adams gives us a revised and enlarged edition of an earlier work on the "Cottage Architecture of England," with eighty-three photographic plates, which display as many different buildings, few of which are worthy of serious study. If we may judge by this book, modern English cottage architecture lacks simplicity and spontaneity. "Architectural Styles for Country Houses" (McBride, Nast), which is edited by Henry H. Saylor, deals with the same class of buildings in America. He has gathered together ten essays by practicing architects on diverse types of smaller houses which are finding favor among us, and the work he illustrates is both interesting and well presented. That the editor is able to show the development of our cottage architecture along ten diverse lines shows how far our people are from the attainment of architectural conviction.

In a pretty quarto, printed and bound after the Japanese manner, Dora Amaden and J. S. Happer discuss "The Heritage of Hiroshige" (Paul Elder & Co.). Mr. Happer communicates the interesting discovery that many of the Hiroshige prints are dated. The upshot of the matter is that most of the upright compositions which a skeptical criticism has ascribed to Hiroshige II are by the earlier and greater master. Hiroshige II is merely Shigenobu, who, in 1859, after the death of Hiroshige, assumed the more ambitious style. The criticism of this discovery would require a minute scholarship which your reviewer does not command. The plain statement of the case, however, is entirely reasonable, and inspires confidence. It is consonant with a conviction which we have several times expressed that the marked difference in quality among Hiroshige prints implies rather grades of woodcutting, paper, printing, and pigment than difference of authorship. The appreciation of Hiroshige's genius is cast in terms of somewhat rhapsodical, but not excessive, eulogy. Surely, the brief sketch of Japanese painting before Hiroshige is superfluous, since no designer of genius was less a follower of the native tradition. His real beginnings are in Toyoharu's imitation of European illustrations. It is the failure to discriminate the degree of assimilation of native and alien strains in Hiroshige that constitutes the critical weakness of a charming essay. Precisely there lies the main issue. He effected with success the compromise towards which Japanese painting has been uncertainly tending ever since. He achieved the just balance of Far Eastern schematism with Western realism for which European painting is still struggling. There could be no more prophetic figure. Whistler in the nocturnes is often Hiroshige's timid plagiarist. A word on the exquisiteness of Hiroshige's painting as compared with even the finest of the prints would not have been amiss.

Some Turkish workmen, while digging a canal near the mosque of Mohammed the Conqueror, in Stamboul, unearthed a number of remains which have been identified as belonging to a Byzantine temple. Well-preserved capitals with reliefs of Greek crosses were found, as well as a number of columns, and parts of the walls of the temple. The digging went on for a number of days without competent supervision, and

when the director of the Museum was at last informed of the discoveries, it was found that a number of valuable objects had already disappeared.

Finance

MARKETS AND BALKAN WAR.

Whether because of apprehensions regarding the results of the war itself, or because Europe's financial markets were in vulnerable condition as a result of recent speculative excesses, or because the world's money market situation was such as to render the business community unusually sensitive—whichever may be the larger cause, the shock which Bulgaria's defiance and Montenegro's invasion of Turkey have caused to the stock exchanges has been very great. Declines of a full point, in securities of first-class governments, are always taken as reflecting grave disturbance. But since the last day of September, when the war rumors first assumed formidable shape, prices of such securities have fallen much further than that. The extreme declines, up to the early days of the present week, were 1½ point, even in public bonds like British consols and German 3 per cents. French Government rentes fell 2½ and Russian 4 per cents 7 points. As for the belligerent Governments, the public securities of Turkey have dropped 11 points; of Servia and Bulgaria, 8½ each; of Greece, 5.

Our own stock market, in the same interval, broke 2 to 5 points for shares which are dealt in on the international market. That reaction was, however, not in any respect a sign of diminishing confidence of investors in our home financial position, but the necessary result of the heavy selling of our stocks by London, Paris, and Berlin. These sales our international bankers are now estimating as having amounted, for the fortnight past, to as much as thirty or forty million dollars.

Money rates, meantime, have tightened throughout the European Continent; an advance in the Bank of England's official discount rate was momentarily expected, and the gold imports to New York from Europe have abruptly stopped. On the other hand, the weekly New York bank statement of last Saturday showed the strongest position, as regards surplus reserve, of any week since the close of August—an improvement partly due to European gold already delivered in this market, but chiefly to the curtailment of loans by the New York banks, not through withdrawal of facilities from the borrowers, but through the wholesale transfer of those outstanding loans to European banks and our own interior institutions.

This is at once the strength and the

weakness of the New York position. That market is at the moment dependent for its supply of credit, first, on markets which are shaken by the Balkan war-scare; secondly, on markets whose resources are likely to be increasingly absorbed by home demands. It is at least conceivable that a very high bid for money by New York will be necessary to keep the loan account in its present shape, or else that actual curtailment of local credit facilities will be indispensable.

It is in this regard that the European war-scare will hereafter chiefly interest our market. Thus far, our financial concern in the matter has been limited to the extremely heavy liquidation of American stocks by Europe, which has had the natural effect of beating down prices on our Stock Exchange. If the foreign war-scare continues to extend, we shall feel it in the money market.

Will it extend? The question confronting financial Europe and ourselves is a somewhat curious one. Nobody fails to understand that the real cause of apprehension is, not whether Servia and Bulgaria and Greece will go to war, nor even whether Turkey may not be whipped by the Balkan soldiers, but whether Russia or Austria or the other larger Powers may not be drawn into the fight. It is this vague notion of a "European Armageddon" which has stood behind all these successive frights over international collisions.

Armageddon has been impending at rather frequent intervals; as yet, however, it has not only failed to put in an appearance, but it has been easy to understand, when the preliminary chapters of each war episode were over, why there was never any chance of it. The apprehensive watchers discerned it plainly when Admiral Diedrich involved the German fleet in some gross impertinences towards our warships at Manila, and when certain counter-assurances were received from Admiral Seymour and the British fleet. Armageddon opened up promptly when the Kaiser sent his message to Kruger, after the Jameson Raid in 1896; when Capt. Marchand was stopped on the path to Fashoda in 1898; when the Boxers killed the German Ambassador in 1900, and when Admiral Rozhdestvensky fired on the British North Sea trawlers in 1904.

There is, in fact, always an imitation Armageddon at one particular stage of every war. Most people will remember that February Saturday at Paris, barely a week after the Japanese attack on the Russian fleet, when the Bourne was informed that the British Ambassador had left Paris in a tantrum and that the German Ambassador had thrown up his hands in complete despair. There was also that day in 1870, when every London correspondent was running

about to hunt down the ultimatum of British intervention between France and Prussia. But Armageddon not only on each occasion faded into mist on closer scrutiny, but turned out, in the light of later investigation, never to have been in sight at all.

Whenever Turkey is driven incontinently into Asia Minor, and the practical question arises, who is to inherit Constantinople, there will doubtless be presented the elements of a first-class international dispute. But no one has yet accused Montenegro or Bulgaria or Servia or Greece of that Napoleonic purpose. The most that the watchers for Armageddon have as yet been able to produce on the present occasion, is the inviting argument that the little principality which has invaded Turkey is a protégé of Russia, and that therefore M. Sazonoff's voluntary leadership, in the harmonious concert of the Powers, must have been the blackest Machiavellianism.

Perhaps what American observers will recognize as one of the most singular aspects of the financial shake-down which has accompanied the Balkan war scare, is the fact that the money-market shock and the European liquidation should have come when our market was in a position admirably suited to sustain them with serenity. Considering Wall Street's recent gloomy attitude towards trade revival, it is much to the credit of human nature that we have not yet heard any prophecy of "the Balkans" blighting all hopes of returning American prosperity.

There are, at all events, some interesting precedents to recall. The great trade revival which began in the autumn of 1897 was immediately preceded by a war between Greece and Turkey. It was promptly accompanied by a war between the United States and Spain. Since that did not arrest the trade revival, we had the "Boer War panic" of 1899, a prodigious emptying-out of American securities from British strongboxes, a sudden pulling-away of English capital from America, and a 186 per cent. call money rate in Wall Street. When the commotion of those early winter months was over, the American trade revival was resumed, and our bankers calmly proceeded, for the first time in financial history, to underwrite the British Government's war loans.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Anderson, A. J. *The Romance of Sandro Botticelli*. Dodd, Mead, \$3 net.
 Andrews, M. P. *The Dixie Book of Days*. Phila.: Lippincott, \$1 net.
 A *Stitch in Time*. By a Roosevelt Hospital Nurse. Putnam.
 Baldwin, James. *The Sampo: Hero Adventures from the Finnish Kalevala*. Scribner, \$2 net.
 Bartholomew's *Orographical Map of the U. S. and Part of Canada*. Brentano, \$1.75 net.
 Barrett, George. *Barry Wynn*. Boston: Small, Maynard, \$1.20 net.

- Bax, E. B. *Problems of Men, Mind, and Morals*. Boston: Small, Maynard.
 Beach, Rex. *The Net*. Harper, \$1.30 net.
 Belasco's *Return of Peter Grimm*. (Novelized from the play.) Dodd, Mead, \$1.25 net.
 Bender, M. S. *Great Opera Stories, Translated from Old German Sources*. Macmillan, 40 cents net.
 Bennett, F. M. *Religious Cults Associated with the Amazon*. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner.
 Bible Dictionary. Based on William Smith's Work, edited by F. N. Peloubet. Philadelphia: Winston Co. \$2.40 net.
 Bordeaux, Henry. *The Woolen Dress*. Trans. by R. H. Davis. Duffield, \$1.25 net.
 Britt, Albert. *The Wind's Will*. Moffat, Yard, \$1.30 net.
 Browning, Robert. *Select Poems*. Edited, with notes, by H. C. Laughlin. D. Appleton.
 Browning's Works. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. 12 vols. Crowell, \$12. (Separate vols. \$1.50 each.)
 Brown, W. H. *The Story of a Bank*. Boston: Badger, \$1.50 net.
 Bruère, Henry. *The New City Government*. D. Appleton, \$1.50 net.
 Bryan, J. S. *The Garden at Luzon*. Boston: Badger, \$1 net.
 Buck, J. D. *The Soul and Sex in Education*. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd, \$1.25 net.
 Burton, C. P. *The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill*. Holt, \$1.25 net.
 Cameron, Margaret. *Tangles*. Harper, \$1.30 net.
 Carpenter, O. C. *Debate Outlines on Public Questions*. New edition. Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.
 Christie, J. J. *The Advance of Woman*. Philadelphia: Lippincott, \$1.50 net.
 Clippinger, E. E. *Illustrated Lessons in Composition and Rhetoric*. Boston: Silver, Burdett, \$1.
 Colcord, Lincoln. *The Drifting Diamond*. Macmillan, \$1.25 net.
 Collins, F. A. *The Wireless Man*. Century, \$1.20 net.
 Coman, Katharine. *Economic Beginnings of the Far West*. 2 vols. Macmillan, \$4 net.
 Coolidge, M. R. *Why Women Are So*. Holt, \$1.50 net.
 Croce, Benedetto. *La Rivoluzione Napoletana del 1799*. Bari: Laterza & Figli.
 Croker, E. F. *Fire Prevention*. Dodd, Mead, \$1.50 net.
 Daring, Hope. *The Gordons*. American Tract Society, 50 cents net.
 Davidson, L. M. *Gates of the Dolomites*. Lane, \$1.50 net.
 Davis, F. H. *Myths and Legends of Japan*. Illustrated by E. Paul. Crowell, \$2.50 net.
 Davison, L. A. *The Church Triumphant*. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. \$1 net.
 Dhanamjaya. *The Dasarupa*. Trans. from the Sanskrit by G. C. O. Haas. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner, \$1.50 net.
 Dismore, C. A. *The New Light on the Old Truth*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, \$1.25 net.
 Doty, A. H. *The Mosquito*. D. Appleton.
 Edwards, G. W. *Marken and Its People*. Illus. in color. Moffat, Yard, \$2.50 net.
 Elliott, George. *Biblical Criticism and Preaching*. Eaton & Mains, 35 cents net.
 Ellis, F. S. *The Launch Boys' Adventures*. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Winston, 60 cents each.
 Elmendorf, D. L. *A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land*. Scribner, \$3 net.
 Farrar, J. M. *Chats with Children of the Church*. Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20 net.
 Ferguson, Herbert. *Rhymes of Eld*. Boston: Sherman, French, \$1 net.
 Field, Eugene. *Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse*. (Illustrated.) Scribner, \$1.50 net.
 Fionseka, L. de. *On the Truth of Decorative Art*. London: Greening & Co.
 Foote, M. H. *A Picked Company*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, \$1.30 net.
 Fryer, J. E. *The Mary Frances Cook Book*. Philadelphia: Winston Co. \$1.20 net.
 Galvin, A. E. *The Story of Swan-like*. Boston: Badger, \$1 net.
 Gask, Lillian. *Legends of Our Little Brothers: Fairy Lore, retold*. Crowell, \$1.50.
 Gautier, J., and Loti, P. *The Daughter of Heaven*. Duffield, \$1.25 net.

- Germaine, Quincy. *The Even Hand*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. \$1.20 net.
- Gillmore, I. H. *Phoebe, Ernest, and Cupid*. Holt. \$1.35 net.
- Grant, U. S. *Letters to His Father and Youngest Sister, 1857-78*. Putnam.
- Greek Literature: A Series of Lectures delivered at Columbia University. Lemcke & Buechner.
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- Keech, M. L. *Training the Little Home-maker by Kitchen-garden Methods*. Phila.: Lippincott.
- Kingsley, F. M. *Miss Philura's Wedding Gown*. Dodd, Mead. \$1 net.
- Knight, W. A. *At the Crossing with Denis McShane: On the Way to Bethlehem*. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
- Lang, Mrs. *The Book of Saints and Heroes*. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans. \$1.60 net.
- Le Gallienne, Richard. *The Maker of Rain-bows, and Other Fairy-tales and Fables*. Harper. \$1.25 net.
- Leith, C. K., and A. T. *A Summer and Winter on Hudson Bay*. Madison, Wis.: Cantwell Ptg. Co. \$2.50 net.
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- Raabe, W. *Eulenspiegel*. Edited with notes, by M. B. Lambert. Heath. 45 cents.
- Renaud, Jean. *Les Errants*. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
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- Rousseau on Education. Edited by R. L. Archer. Longmans. \$1.25 net.
- Rowland, H. C. *The Closing Net*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.25 net.
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- Scientific American Reference Book. Edition of 1913. Munn & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Searcy, Alfred. *By Flood and Field*. Macmillan. \$2 net.
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- Ullman, Margaret. *Pocahontas: A Pageant*. Boston: Poet Lore Co.
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- Vandercook, Margaret. *The Ranch Girls' Pot of Gold*. Philadelphia: Winston. 60 cents.
- Webster, Clay, Calhoun. *Noted speeches, edited by L. M. Briggs*. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.
- Wheeler, Post. *Russian Wonder Tales*. Century Co. \$2.50 net.
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- Wilson, J. H. *Under the Old Flag: Recollections*. 2 vols. D. Appleton. \$6 net.
- Winter, I. L. *Public Speaking*. Macmillan. \$2 net.
- Worsfold, W. B. *The Union of South Africa*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$3 net.
- Zwilmeyer, D. *Johnny Blossom*. Translated from the Norwegian, by E. Poulsen. Boston: Pilgrim Press. \$1 net.

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